The Nation.

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The Week.

That the Governor of Jamaica has, in a great crisis, acted like a glorified beadle, seems to be the almost unanimous opinion in England as well as in this country. The letter which he wrote to Admiral Davis should alone be enough to terminate his career. Such a mixture of clumsy insult and vulgar smartness would have been out of place at any time, but to be addressed by the Governor of a smitten Colony to those who came as friends and rescuers, was simply amazing folly. Even if the Americans there were ignoring the nice technicalities, they were kind-hearted and were doing useful work, and ought not to have been kicked off the premises as trespassers. The most charitable supposition is that Gov. Swettenham had simply lost his head through anxiety or overwork. England need not be troubled about good relations with this country being disturbed by the incident.

Clown. I have an answer will serve all men.

Countess. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

—[All's Well that Ends Well.

The bountiful answer of President Roosevelt, to every objector to any policy of his, seems rapidly getting to be that all opposition to him is inspired by the Trusts. All the Washington dispatches agree that this is now the White House attitude towards the critics of the President's action in discharging the colored troops. It is merely resentment at his successful attacks upon "corporate interests." Senator Foraker is the protagonist in the debate on the Brownsville affair; he was also the chief opponent of Mr. Roosevelt's railway-rate law; so what could be plainer? The infuriated corporations are using Foraker and Knox and Aldrich to strike back at the President who has drawn their fangs. Mr. Roosevelt has descried this hidden and wicked motive many times before. Any challenge of his Panama plans, for example, could have sprung, we were given to understand, only from enmity prompted by the smarting railroads. The long refusal of the Senate to approve his policy in Santo Domingo had a similar abhorrent origin. On the public side, the effect of the attitude of the President is very unhappy. Here is a large question, about which opinion is much divided, and about the legal and Constitutional aspects of which able and honest men seriously differ; but Mr. Roosevelt would have it settled purely on the basis of personal loyalty to him. Now, there is no doubt that President Roosevelt has evoked a marked personal devotion; but for him to throw that into the scale when there is pending a great question of right or wrong under the law, of justice or injustice, is to confuse the issue and to obstruct the working of our machinery of government. To keep each question clear and distinct, and to settle each on its merits, is the great desideratum of public discussion. Mixing up disparate subjects and dragging in personal motives can but muddle debate, cloud the popular mind, and lead to lame conclusions. If the corporations do hate the President and would embarrass and mortify him in every way possible, that is a question by itself, to be dealt with on fit occasion. But just at present we have other work in hand.

Senator Spooner's speech last week on the President's discharge of the colored troops was largely a lawyer's abstract discussion. One of the Wisconsin Senator's general principles was:

> Even if a President abuses the power which he possesses, or exercises it with bad motive, I should greatly deplore an attempt by the Senate to investigate it or pass judgment upon it.

Mr. Spooner's reason is that the Senate is the body which has the sole right, under the Constitution, to try impeachments; and "it would be a horrid thing if, when articles of impeachment reach this chamber, they should be laid before a court which in another capacity, having investigated and considered the same matter, had prejudged it." This being so, we might imagine that Senator Spooner must have "greatly deplored" the attempt of the Senate in 1886 to "investigate and pass judgment upon" an alleged violation of the law by President Cleveland. There was at that time a determined attack for weeks upon that Executive, led by Senator Edmunds, on account of his refusal to send to the Senate certain papers bearing upon removals from office. The act was declared to be lawless and in defiance of the Constitution. But turn to the *Congressional Record* of March 18 and 19, 1886, and you will find a two days' speech by Senator Spooner, arraigning the President in the strongest way for having failed to comply with the law, and set at nought a provision of the Constitution. He asked if Mr. Cleveland was "too great to be subject to the law." What he now deplores, he then did with the utmost gusto. And as if with prophetic joy at the thought of eviscerating his own argument of twenty years later, he exclaimed, when told that he ought to leave impeachable offences to the House:

> Exercise the power of impeachment and give the President the power at his will to destroy all evidence upon which alone that power could be exercised! It is idle; it cannot be maintained for a moment!

The fact is, of course, that the Senate has always felt free to debate the legality of the acts of the President, and we hope it always will. Webster and Clay had it solemnly entered upon the journal of the Senate that Andrew Jackson had exceeded his lawful powers. In 1894 a committee of Republican Senators brought in a report formally reciting that President Cleveland had been guilty of "an unconstitutional act" in appointing Mr. Blount commissioner to Hawaii. We cannot reduce the Senate to the vacant-mindedness of a jury which has neither read, formed, nor expressed an opinion. Senators who may hold, and may have uttered, strong convictions, may yet be judicial, and decide the case according to law and evidence, when the time comes.

The passage by the Senate of the bill increasing the artillery by over 6,000 officers and men, and its favorable report in the House, is another example of the way our military forces are gradually being increased. Prior to the war with Spain, our artillery consisted of five regiments, comprising about 3,500 men; now we have 663 officers and 18,166 soldiers. With the additional strength about to be authorized, the artillery alone will be as large as our entire army on January 1, 1898. The War Department has found that any large increase would not be voted; it has therefore hit upon this way, as Congressman Theodore E. Burton of Ohio has pointed out, of getting its whole loaf by slices. Last year it was the Ordnance Corps that was increased; this year it is the Artillery, and next year it will be the Medical Corps or some other branch of the service. So far as the artillery is concerned, we are told we need it because we have so many coast defences; a few years ago Congress was asked for guns because we had none for our artillery, and so the game goes on. The public has quite forgotten that when the Endicott Board's vast system of coast defence was created it was with the assurance that with these forts we should never need a large navy. Now we squander millions upon battleships and land defences alike.

The House of Representatives has made a new record by passing 628 private pension bills in one hour and thir-

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ty-five minutes. Three or four thousand similar bills become law every year, and no President since Cleveland has been willing to take the trouble of looking into their merits one by one. But the service-pension advocates, having put Senator McCumber's bill through the Senate, are making much of an argument derived from this special legislation. Most of the beneficiaries of the private bills would receive pensions under the general act, as the proposed change would make it. Instead of the $24 or $30 a month which the average private bill now carries, they would get $12 to $20. "Probably," said the father of the bill, "if these men who are seventy-five years of age should receive $20, they would not apply for the other $10 per month by special bill." Trust in pensionable human nature still persists in cynical Washington. Mr. McCumber is sure that veterans who might have had $30 a month, will be perfectly satisfied with $20. Yet out of the first 100 bills passed on this record day to which we refer, no less than ninety-two increased pensions already granted, while only eight authorized new pensions. What earthly warrant is there for the supposition that there will be any fewer applications for "increases" under the new law than under the old? Special pension legislation is excused on the ground that it tempers the omissions and inequalities of the rigid general law. That Congress can satisfy everybody merely by granting a pensionable status to new classes of applicants is as beautiful a dream as that it can satisfy all the shipping interests with one modest little subsidy bill.

The choice of two United States Senators Tuesday in Oregon was the result of the nearest approximation to popular election that ingenuity has been able to devise without amending the Constitution. In fact, the process by which they were selected was considerably more democratic than what was usually meant by popular election a few years ago. E. J. Burkett of Nebraska was elected by popular vote in that sense. He was nominated for Senator by the same convention which named another Republican for Governor, and his name was placed on the official ballot on election day, the Legislature merely confirming the choice so made. A. J. Hopkins of Illinois was nominated in State convention, but not voted upon by the people. A dozen or more of Southern Senators were chosen as the candidates of an invincible party in popular primaries. But these Oregonians, F. W. Mulkey and Jonathan Bourne, were put through a double process. They were chosen as the Republican Senatorial candidates in a direct primary, and then voted upon like other party candidates in the regular election. They had, first, to commend themselves to a plurality of the members of their own party, and then to a plurality of the voters of the State. They will have a serious responsibility at Washington as the first products of a system which the Western States are hurrying to copy.

South Carolina having shown the way in which a State may legally bring immigrants from abroad to settle within its borders, Virginia has promptly profited by the example. The Commissioner of Immigration and Agriculture from that State, G. W. Koiner, expects a party of domestic and farm workers from Europe to arrive at Baltimore before the end of the present month. By the United States Immigration Commissioner at Baltimore he has been informed that "they will, in all probability, if not physically disqualified, be permitted to land, but . . . until the foreigners arrive at the port and apply for admission it will be impossible for this office to decide upon their eligibility to land." Commissioner Koiner says he can find work in Virginia for not less than 50,000 white farm-hands and domestic servants. In other Southern States the newspapers have spoken of Secretary Straus's recent ruling in the South Carolina case as if it solved the problem of diverting a proportional part of the stream of immigration to the South. The problem, however, is different in several respects from that of the States of the Northwest when they first sought European settlers. Apart from the negro question, the fact that these States have no public lands to offer "homesteaders" brings the South's appeal, from the immigrant's point of view, down to a simple question of wages. How far the organized efforts of the Southern States may be able to offset higher bids elsewhere is still an open question.

In Indiana on Sunday a passenger train was blown to pieces by the explosion of a car of powder which was part of a freight train going in the opposite direction; eighteen passengers were killed. In New Jersey a locomotive exploded; three enginemen were killed. In Ohio a passenger train ran into a telegraph pole which had been blown across the track; twenty persons were injured. Just over the line from West Virginia one of the two engines pulling a passenger train jumped the track; one passenger and one trainman were injured. In New York a locomotive ran off the track, in the Grand Central yards, tipped over on its side, and blocked traffic for several hours. In Minnesota ten express cars, running off the track, were smashed to kindling. On Saturday, besides two other wrecks in Indiana and one in Minnesota, there were accidents of a serious nature in Massachusetts, Kansas, Illinois, Mississippi, and South Carolina. Eleven States thus contributed to two days' news of railroad accidents. As made up from the dispatches, there was a death-roll for these two days of twenty-seven and an injured list of fifty-eight. Exceptional conditions of various kinds must have taxed the resources of operating officials. There were two wrecks in the list caused by obstructions which had blown or fallen on the tracks since the previous trains had passed safely. The explosion at Terre Haute of a car of powder which, for anything that appears to the contrary, was being transported in the customary way might be set down in the category of unavoidable accidents. But what of the two locomotives that exploded? What of the three head-on collisions, one rear-end collision, one collision of character not stated, and two unclassified "wrecks"? What of the four derailments and the "narrow" escape of a fast train in New Jersey which passed over a broken rail? Protests against the kind of management and equipment under which such catastrophes are possible have been raised so often that they are almost in danger of losing their force. Yet the accidents go on, not on one road, nor in one section, nor under one set of difficult conditions, but on all roads, in all parts of the country, and under all sorts of conditions. If legislative bodies are turning to remedies which railroad men say are wrong and ineffectual, the reason is not far to seek.

The mass meeting held at Carnegie Lyceum Monday night to demand a Congressional investigation of the status of women workers; Saturday's appeal of two associations for equal pay for women and men teachers, in this city; the formation of women's trade unions, and the growing demand for the ballot among working women, both here and abroad, are indications of widespread unrest among the rapidly increasing number of women who are bread-winners. Yet it is easy to understand how the discrimination in women's wages has arisen. The first women who became industrial producers lived and worked at home; so do many to-day. Moreover, the average man-worker must generally earn enough to support not only himself, but a wife and family as well. These are the historic arguments with which economists have explained and still explain the disparity in wages. In Germany this problem of the pay of the woman worker is recognized by careful students as one of the most serious of our modern industrial conditions, with most direct bearing upon race deterioration and prostitution. Hence an elaborate study of the inequality of wages between the sexes by Dr.

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Alice Salomon has been warmly welcomed. To the classic explanations of the discrimination against women which we have cited, she adds that they are physically unfit for certain occupations, such as the making of iron and steel, which fact tends to confine them to the poorer paid because more crowded industries. She also lays stress upon the absence of a keen desire to rise to the more highly paid grades of labor, and the fact that young girls are loath to enter skilled occupations requiring a long apprenticeship; hence they are restricted to employments easy to learn and readily recruited afresh whenever there is a strike. In order to lessen differences in wages, Dr. Salomon relies more upon the proper training of women workers than upon unions. She cites, of course, the case of the Lancashire weavers as proof that unions accomplish something. But the success of these women in raising wages to the same level as those of the men is also due to the fact that they have been over a century in this employment, with much resulting solidarity and pride in their work. They are serious in it, expect to give their lives to it, and after generations of experience—and this is most important of all—have learned to insist upon a most rigid training of the young girls who enter the trade.

The death on Thursday of the Rev. James Woodrow reminds us how far the hand has moved across the dial in two decades. He was a teacher in both the University of South Carolina and the Columbia Theological Seminary, a Presbyterian institution. In 1884 he ventured to declare his belief in evolution; he thought it "probably true" that the body of man descended from some animal, and that "at a certain point his Maker met it and breathed into it spirit." In 1886 he was tried for heresy by the Augusta (Ga.) Presbytery, and acquitted; then the Synod of Georgia reversed the action of the Presbytery. Finally, in 1888, the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church sustained the Synod by an overwhelming vote, and forced Dr. Woodrow from his position in the Theological Seminary. His opponents denounced the doctrine of evolution, even in the mild form in which he held it, as contrary to Scripture and subversive of the interests of Christianity and of the Church. Where to-day is the ecclesiastical organization that would stand on that platform? The incident has its lesson for heresy-hunters, though as a class they are our Bourbons, who learn nothing and forget nothing. It is useless to remind them of Gamaliel's advice as to dealing with heretics—advice which is confirmed by all ecclesiastical history:

Refrain from these men and let them alone. For if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.

The unhappy state of Macedonia forms the subject of a powerful letter addressed to the London *Times* by Arthur John Evans, an eminent authority on the archæology and history of the Nearer East. His acquaintance with Turkey and the Balkans goes back for more than thirty years. The occasion for his appeal is the rumored intention of Russia and Austria, the two Powers charged with the execution of reforms in Macedonia, to follow up their scheme of financial renovation, according to the Mürzsteg programme of 1903, with a series of judicial reforms. The burden of the letter is the absolute vanity of expecting any real reform under their auspices. What is the present condition of Macedonia, after more than three years of the Mürzsteg régime? The inspector-general in charge of the reform programme is Hilmi Pasha, "the Sultan's *âme damnée* and nominee." The Austrian and Russian assessors have merely advisory powers without any real control. The international gendarmerie has shown little efficiency, because the European officers have been provided with an inadequate staff, and must take their orders from "Abdul Hamid's agent." The Turkish Government is acting in concert with the Greek bands against their common enemies, the Bulgars of Macedonia. Incendiarism and massacre run riot, and the traditional futility of the European Concert receives one more demonstration. Great Britain alone, concludes Mr. Evans, could force a termination of the régime of terror. But can England enter upon such a course? At this moment in India, Great Britain is trying to rally Mohammedan opinion to its support against the Hindu national movement, and must naturally be anxious to avoid all conflict with a Mussulman Power.

Georges Clemenceau is not popular at this moment in labor-union circles in France. For the second time since his accession to power, about nine months ago, he has made use of the military and the police to maintain order against the adherents of organized labor. Yet its representatives in Parliament stand in more or less intimate relations with the Cabinet, especially on the religious question. From one point of view, of course, the Premier's action in suppressing the projected labor demonstration in Paris Sunday required less courage than was called for by the situation in the northern departments last May. Then it was a case of checking the strikers driven into violence by the horrors of the Courrières mine explosion. Sunday no such danger from aroused public opinion threatened the Ministry. But, on the other hand, it was a bold step for M. Clemenceau to risk antagonizing a large faction in the Chamber whose support he can scarcely dispense with in his present contest with the Papacy. At the same time, the events of Sunday may possibly move the Catholic opposition to a more conciliatory policy. We read that "one pro-Church paper said that these Socialists who wanted to take possession of the streets are the very people who wished the Government to stop Catholic processions." To which M. Clemenceau might reply: "True; and it is between my policy and the policy that threatens you from these Socialists, that you must choose."

Premature advertising of medical theories which have not gone beyond the stage of experiment has many dangers. The X-ray was hailed on all sides as the long-sought panacea. Within a year after its discovery it had been tried on all sorts of maladies, and the papers were reporting results nothing short of miracles. Conservative medical men asked in vain for time to observe results. But what now is the attitude of the profession toward X-ray therapeutics? It has replaced none of the older methods, certainly no surgical operations, and with cancer it is used only when every surgical measure has failed, and then only to decrease the rapidity of the tumor's growth. The alleged trypsin cure for cancer has been similarly trumpeted more loudly than the scientific tests yet warrant. The results of the experiments on mice by Dr. John Beard of Edinburgh he regards as very encouraging, but in cases of human cancer it is yet years too soon to make any positive claim whatsoever. Of cancer there are many types: some grow quickly and without removal are rapidly fatal; some, again, are so slow in their growth that years may pass before their presence is even recognized. It is not easy to decide, even when the result appears most conclusive, whether a cure of cancer has been effected. Formerly, surgeons believed that if a cancer did not recur in its first site within one year, the patient was free of danger. That time ("observation time," as surgeons call it) has been increased first to three, then to five years, and at present one of the most experienced surgeons in this country believes that cancer may recur even after ten years. Thus it is evident that the factors which enter into any adequate determination of the value of trypsin as a remedy for cancer are not simple, nor do they quickly become manifest even to the conscientious and scientific physician.

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PREPARING SUBSIDY SCANDALS.

The subsidy hunters have apparently captured President Roosevelt. They attacked him on his weak side—his love of national grandeur. In his speech last Wednesday at the dinner of the Foreign Commerce Convention, he said that he had never given any particular attention to the question of steamship communication, but that he had been startled when told by Secretary Root that our flag is seldom seen in South American waters except upon a warship. This sudden discovery filled him with patriotic mortification and a desire to do something immediately. He wants to "see the flag fly," just as Thiers wanted to "see the tall chimneys smoke"; and is seemingly as ready to resort to bad legislative and economic means to bring about the good result.

Mr. Roosevelt probably does not remember the Pacific Mail scandals of the early 70s. It might do him good to read the exposure of the corruption, in connection with that subsidizing legislation, which so badly smirched the Republican party of that day. And, next, it would be well for this enemy of corruptionists to take a sharp look at the suspicious men and suspicious methods made use of to engineer this latest raid on the Treasury for a grant of $3,750,000 a year. Congressman Grosvenor is at their head, and what sort of reputation does he bring to the task? He is serving his last term. To such a depth of discredit had he sunk even in his own district that he was denied renomination, and one of the chief arguments used against him in Ohio was his dubious financial relations with the interests that have been clamoring for subsidy. The New York *Evening Post* published several years ago a facsimile of J. Pierpont Morgan's check for $1,000 payable to Grosvenor, nominally for a copy of Grosvenor's "Book of the Presidents." The fact was used against him among his constituents with deadly effect. Grosvenor's right-hand man in this subsidy business is Littauer—a Representative also in the last weeks of his public service, also under a cloud. Secretary Root's report, which the President can scarcely have forgotten, intimated that the statute of limitations alone saved Littauer from prosecution for dabbling in Government contracts. With this precious pair is employed Alexander R. Smith, whose business it is to "work up public sentiment" for the subsidy bill. He was openly charged by Samuel Gompers with having tried to bribe labor leaders into withdrawing their opposition to subsidies, and the matter has been under investigation by District Attorney Jerome. Smith himself admits that he was in a position to "secure funds" for the subsidy propaganda.

Indeed, the evidence is strong that what we have in the subsidy bill is, not a measure which any large number of people are asking for, but a scheme got up in the interest of a few ship-builders and ship-owners, who are not too scrupulous in the instruments and methods they employ. The legislation now sought they regard as something which they have bought and paid for by means of contributions to the Republican campaign funds, and to secure which finally they are ready to put up more money. There is no real and general demand for ship subsidies. Even under great pressure, three Republican members of the Committee on Merchant Marine voted against reporting the bill. That was one-third of the Republican membership; and probably represents about the proportion of Republicans in the House who are against the subsidy raid. But the President is counted upon to persuade them. Theodore Roosevelt, the clean, the hater of corruption, is to be used to overcome the objections of honest Republicans to a scheme which they believe to be both bad in itself and pushed by corrupt methods!

Special legislation of this sort has always been the besetting sin of the Republican party. No sooner does it get firmly in power than it begins to dole out favors to particular classes. Put in office in 1896 to establish the gold standard, it moved most reluctantly in that direction, but ran in eagerness to allow manufacturers to write their own duties in the tariff. If now it rounds off its record by voting public money into private pockets by means of ship subsidies, it will go far to confirm the charge that it is hopelessly joined to its idols of class legislation. In the proposed bill there is an amusing attempt to disguise the gift of money to J. J. Hill and E. H. Harriman. The bill gravely says:

> From a port on the Pacific Coast north of Cape Mendocino to Japan, China, and the Philippines, $350,000 for a monthly service, $700,000 for a fortnightly.
>
> From a port on the Pacific Coast south of Cape Mendocino to Hawaii, Japan, China, and the Philippines, $350,000 for a monthly service, $700,000 for a fortnightly.

But what has Cape Mendocino to do with it all? Nothing, except that the existing Hill line of steamships from Seattle is north of it, and the existing Harriman line from San Francisco (the Pacific Mail) to the south. The committee simply did not like to say outright that it was intended to hand a present of $700,000 to Hill, and the same amount to Harriman.

We hope to see the bill fought and defeated. Subsidy is a hateful word, and it ought to be erased from our legislative dictionary. It has reeked with scandal in the past. So it infallibly will again, if allowed to creep into our laws. There are ways of restoring our merchant marine, as every American hopes it will be restored, without the touch of corruption upon them; but they consist in abolishing old bounties and statutes for a favored few, not in enacting new ones, with their endless possibilities of favoritism, fraud, and political demoralization.

THE HISTORIC SENSE.

Readers of the English reviews may have seen very favorable notices of a book, "The Great Days of Versailles," by G. F. Bradby. It is, indeed, an entertaining work. Here you may follow the daily life of Louis XIV. and his court to the minutest details—what they ate and wore, how they talked and quarrelled and loved—a strangely vivid picture. Only one aspect of that existence is omitted: there is scarcely a word to indicate why those days should be called "great." The monotony of court life is set forth in full, but nothing is added to explain how this monotony was only the last rigid stage of the ideal of uniformity, or rather conformity, which had produced the literature of the *grand siècle*. Something is said about the production of Racine's "Esther" at Saint-Cyr, but chiefly to show the vexations the play brought upon Madame de Maintenon. Nor does religion fare better. Here you shall read of the trick by which the sham devotion of the great ladies was exposed to Louis; Madame Guyon also is mentioned, and Fénelon's connection with the Quietists, but for petty reasons only. Louis's own submission to the Church is related, but there is nothing to indicate the deep religious current that ran through the age side by side with its worldliness, sparing in its course not even Versailles.

However, we have no quarrel with Mr. Bradby's book, which is excellent in its kind. It concerns us here only as rather an extreme example of what is growing more and more evident in recent literature—the absence of the historic sense. It used to be the boast of the nineteenth century that it was the creator of science and of the historic sense; and in a way the boast was justified. Certainly, no previous century had undertaken to worm itself into the secrets of the past as did the century of Renan and Taine and Sainte-Beuve. From the great doctrine of relativity and of development inculcated by Germany from Kant to Hegel, came the notion that an era of the past is something distinct in spirit, something to be comprehended by getting outside of present associations. To this end the study of details was to be carried to indefinite lengths, for gradually, through the accumulation of minute point after point, the picture of a past environment was to be produced, and from this knowledge of surroundings we were to infer the nature of the soul of the period. The historic sense, as then understood, was

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thus an offshoot of skepticism and science, of *skepsis* in the double meaning of that ancient word. As scholars lost faith in the immutable and universal principles of human nature, they became more interested in tracing the path of what is changeable and locally determined. As the past lost in authority it seemed to grow more valuable to us as a field upon which we could exercise our unconcerned love of abstract truth. Those who have read Buckle will remember how the methods of science were adapted to this pursuit. Or, better yet, there is Taine's attempt to analyze the products of English literature as if they were so many chemical compounds.

It is a question whether there was not a certain admixture of self-deception in all this brilliant resuscitation of the past, whether the historic spirit of the nineteenth century ever escaped quite so entirely from the clinging fallacy of the present as it supposed. It is at least significant that those who were loudest in proclaiming the new scientific and skeptical method are just those who are most rapidly losing credit to-day. Buckle, despite his erudition and eloquence, is no longer taken quite seriously; Taine is notoriously an unsure guide, and the "History of English Literature," written confessedly as an exemplification of his theory, is a continued distortion of the reality. One may doubt whether their vividness in reconstructing what they called the past was not really due to the completeness of their implication in the spirit of the present: the picture at least was intensely alive. It would be odd if in the long run the earlier writers who were concerned with what they regarded as the unchanging elements of human nature should prove to have been truer in their grasp of the past than these disciples of scientific relativity.

On the whole, it is safer to admit a moment in the nineteenth century, when the older notion of continuity and authority combined with the newer theory of development and relativity to create a genuine historic sense. A perfect example of this may be seen in the "Port-Royal" of Sainte-Beuve, where a writer essentially skeptical reproduces a society dominated by religion; in English we have the greater historical novels culminating in "Henry Esmond." What cannot be ignored is the fact that for many years the historic sense, that is, the power of calling forth any true illusion of the past, has been surely waning. The abuse of the documentary method of study may have something to do with this, by habituating the mind to dulness, but the real cause lies deeper. The means has destroyed the end, and those who try to be most entertaining are likely to be least historical. The effort to accumulate picturesque details has blinded us to the purpose for which these details were first desired. Of this Mr. Bradby's book affords a striking example. At first the attention of the reader is deeply engaged; he expects to be led into the very spirit of the age. Presently he is chagrined to discover that the picturesque anecdotes and descriptions lead nowhere. Because the inspiration of that age was different from ours; it is simply non-existent to the author; he has no standard by which to measure the relation between the uniformity and restraint of manners on the one hand, and on the other the discipline of mind that showed itself in so many works of genius. And missing this interest in the higher things of humanity which make of that age a lesson and authority, he falls into the most vicious fallacy of the present. Because we with our habits and conveniences should be bored and shocked by the physical conditions of that life, he represents the great days of Versailles as a time of almost unmitigated boredom.

THE WORSHIP OF LOCAL COLOR.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has fluttered London journalists by a letter to the *Times* in which, in her "second-best Californiaese," she bade the august editor "go to the devil." Far more significant, however, is an earlier letter to the same newspaper, setting forth her theory of "local color," for here she is spokesman of a whole school of modern novelists. She would have a writer accept nothing at second-hand. For the sake of a single chapter in her last novel, "Rezanóv," she spent thirteen days on a trip from San Francisco to Sitka. She found the effort "quite worth while," for her mental picture of the place was very different from the reality. She adds:

> It may be argued that a few paragraphs of description do not matter one way or another, and that the average reader will never know the difference—likely as not will skip them; but it matters to the author, who is not worth his salt unless he writes first of all to please himself; and places his work before every other consideration. Moreover, there are subtle suggestions in a new atmosphere related to his work, that he would never get otherwise.

This, we submit, is to follow the spirit of the age to the bitter end, by subjecting works of creative imagination to the limitations of the exact sciences. The inference from Mrs. Atherton's statement is that the novel must, like a modern doctoral thesis in history or biology, be thoroughly documented and fortified by abundant experiment. This, indeed, is the contention of Zola and his disciples among the uncompromising realists.

We all know to our sorrow what local color is. The novel of to-day reeks with it—dialect so carefully spelled as to be unintelligible, passages of precise description of persons and places, meticulous attention to costumes, forms, and customs. It is realism run mad. Now, we raise no objection to sufficient local color to lend background to a story; but we wish aspiring novelists would bear in mind that the background is made for the story, not the story for the background. Such excursions as Mrs. Atherton's to Sitka are the very things that distract the novelist from his main theme of character and action. When you write of a place which you have known long and intimately, you can preserve your sense of proportion; for you are not carried away by the novelty of the view. But after you have completed a long journey expressly to see what a country is like, the temptation to overload the tale with a description of it is almost irresistible. You cannot throw away or dismiss in a word or two the precious picture which you have taken so much trouble to get.

Then, too, it is so easy to write description — now that Stevenson has shown us all the trick. We may not match him in characterization and conduct of events, but at any rate we can come out strong on description. Indeed, any fairly trained hack can offer a sketch of the Kamchatkan coast or of Popocatepetl that might easily be ascribed to the master himself. We need not turn for examples to the *dii minores*, whose faults we have always with us. So competent a novelist as Joseph Conrad has fallen a victim to his own powers as a writer of description. His "Nostromo," admirable as it is in many respects, oppresses us with too much about the mere physical aspect of Sulaco.

Obviously, a thorough familiarity with a place is for most authors the secret of success in handling the minutiæ of local color. The works of Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens all testify that you can write most vividly of the scenes in which you have lived. But where such long familiarity is impossible, we think a little—a very little—second-hand information better than a flying trip to Sitka or exhaustive study of books. We all know what happened when George Eliot went to Florence and skimmed a thousand books for the local color of "Romola." If any book is killed by local color it is "Romola"—always excepting, of course, Becker's "Gallus" and "Charicles." Shakespeare made no such painstaking study of Verona for his "Romeo and Juliet," but critics assure us that it is Verona in very truth that he draws for us. Two weeks ago we printed Kipling's striking statement that in the "Tempest" Shakespeare certainly showed us the Bermudas: "Those who go to-day to a certain beach some two miles from Hamilton will find the stage set for Act II., Scene 2." Kip-

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ling's theory is that Shakespeare talked with some sailor. At any rate, we know that for "Captains Courageous" Kipling did not go to the Grand Banks with any Capt. Disko Troop, but chatted comfortably on shore with the fishermen. Defoe had never been on a desert island or through the heart of Africa, yet neither "Robinson Crusoe" nor "Captain Singleton" lacks local color so far as it is needed for a capital story.

So far as local color is needed. And the fact is, that of the kind of local color you will get during a few days in Sitka, much less is needed than is commonly supposed. The great novels, we make bold to say, contain very little in the way of dialect or description. The authors of "Tom Jones," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Vanity Fair" had more vital topics to deal with than scenery. They were busy with human character; and all else was incidental. "Henry Esmond" is often called the best historical novel ever written. It gives an incomparable picture of England in the age of Anne. Yet how little it contains that is purely pictorial! One scene, very brief, will stand out as typical in the memory of most readers—a few lines that afford a glance at Castlewood as the ill-omened Mohun took his leave:

> The sky bright overhead; the buttresses of the building and the sun-dial casting shadow over the gilt *memento mori* inscribed underneath; the two dogs, a black greyhound and a spaniel nearly white, the one with his face up to the sun, and the other snuffing amongst the grass and stones, and my lord leaning over the fountain, which was bubbling audibly.

That is all, and that is enough. The novelist of this year of grace has fallen into the same delusion as the stage-manager, that elaborate and historically accurate setting is an essential. But if the characterization be vital, and the tale compelling in its interest, the rest is leather and prunella. Shakespeare's auditors needed nothing more than a signboard to start their imaginations. In our own day, Ben Greet has cut his scenery down to scarcely more than that irreducible minimum; and yet his performances do not suffer. The play's the thing. Our novelists may, without going to extremes, take a lesson from Mr. Greet and from the older masters of the story-teller's craft, and learn to distinguish between the essence and the accidents.

THE INTERPRETER OF GRAFT.

When, six or seven years ago, a volume called "The World of Graft," describing the life of the "underworld," first attracted notice, the ordinary respectable readers had to find out what the last word of the title meant. They learned that it was a sort of thieves' Latin for the ill-gotten gains of the powers that prey. It applied to the petty thief's takings, the swindler's gains, the gambler's winnings, the corrupt policeman's hush-money. But there was some fascination about the word. It began to appear in respectable company. Gradually it lost its quotation marks. It lost its original meaning at the same time. The term "grafter" came to be reserved for the unfaithful employee or public servant, the purchasing agent who accepted secret commissions, the legislator who sold his vote, the official who held an interest in public contracts. With that meaning, the word passed the stage of slang within an almost incredibly short period, and as yet shows no signs of disappearing from our speech. That word is the real monument of Josiah Flynt Willard, "Josiah Flynt," as he signed himself, who died Monday at Chicago. The term with which he enriched the language seems destined to live much longer than the studies of criminal and semi-criminal life which first contained it.

It was no new thing for a man of good family and education to become a vagabond by choice. Not to mention Sir Richard Burton in the Orient, the gypsy studies of Borrow and Charles Godfrey Leland have a permanent place in literature. To every one who possesses either intellectual curiosity or love of adventure there is an appeal in this kind of exploration that does not record its achievement on the map—in the discovery of new worlds almost at one's doorstep. Balboa had no finer moment than Leland when he found in the tinker's jargon a language, which was unknown and yet which was spoken along the roads he had trodden all his life.

Josiah Flynt had nothing in common with the dilettante sociologists who every now and then hold their noses, plunge into the human cesspool, and, climbing out, presently spray themselves and hurry off to write their experiences. Richard Harding Davis once lived, as we know, disguised "among the thieves of Philadelphia." Certainly, he has never gone back to them from choice. Richard Whiteing and Arthur Morrison have interpreted their London of mean streets, with only such concession to the ways of the people who became their characters as Dickens and a hundred other writers have made. Flynt, however, could be called quite as truly a tramp with a gift for expression as a literary man who became an amateur tramp.

He thus belongs at the opposite pole from the sociological investigators who play the part of the honest workingman. Prof. Walter A. Wyckoff spent eighteen months doing odd jobs throughout the country. His accounts of that period were highly interesting, but they hardly pretended to interpret the workingman's psychology. The idea that his trials and privations are of his own making, and that they could be terminated in twenty minutes by a telegram, is ever with his readers. They find him in difficulties which would not be such for the ordinary "worker" he pretended to be. A man who does chores about a summer hotel and refuses to accept the tips which are a regular and expected feature of that kind of employment, an unemployed laborer who refuses the refreshment offered by the free-lunch counter, are not typical of anything or anybody. Similarly, Mrs. Van Vorst could mark an emotional crisis by putting in parallel columns the cost of the clothes she took off and of those she put on when she went to look for work in factories. It was a crisis for her, no doubt, but it would not have been to "the woman who toils" for a living or to any of Josiah Flynt's people, outcasts, criminals, and semi-criminals, abnormalities generally.

In dealing with this class he lacked the genius really to ennoble his narratives, however vivid and searching they might be. Pity and terror were not the emotions they aroused; rather, plain curiosity. Such influence as they may have had was in their disclosure of corrupt alliances between the criminal and the officers of the law. Like any ordinary "exposer," he encountered for a time the wrath of those whom he had criticised. For example, after his account of crime in New York was published, our whole police force was hunting him unsuccessfully. But even in this public service Flynt was doing only what Dr. Parkhurst did a few years previous by a brief personal investigation of the evil of the city.

Voluntary vagabondage will exist so long as "the call of the open road" is heard. There will be scholar gypsies and "wander-lovers." Flynt by nature must have belonged to the restless tribe, yet the journeys on which he took his readers were, after all, little more than protracted slumming tours.

OUR CHAMBER MUSIC.

The attention of the whole world of music has been drawn to this city because of the opening of a second grand opera house. Yet Oscar Hammerstein's venture is no better index of New York's extraordinary musical growth than is the development of our chamber music. It is fourteen years since the Kneisel Quartet gave its first series of concerts here, in an almost virgin field. True, there had been quartets before theirs, and irregular chamber music concerts for forty years. Yet the permanent development of this form of music must date from the arrival of these great artists. The generosity of Major Henry L. Higginson of Boston made possible their venture, for which musical America owes him a debt that can never be liqui-

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dated. And when these performers found it desirable to sever their connection with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Major Higginson again proved his breadth of view by freely granting their wish, even though it meant a great loss to the orchestra for which he has made such sacrifices.

Now, besides the Kneisels, we have the Olive Mead, the Dannreuther, the Kaltenborn, the Flonzaley, and the Marum quartets, all giving concerts in this and other cities, and all worthy of respect, as is the new Boston Symphony Quartet, of which Prof. Willy Hess is leader. None of them ranks, of course, with the Kneisels, and none is nearer to their standard than the Olive Mead Quartet. This is not only an organization of women, but has the distinction of being the most thoroughly American quartet of them all. Miss Mead herself never even studied abroad, but learned her art entirely from Kneisel himself. The fact may indicate that hereafter we shall not be compelled to draw upon Europe for our best chamber-music players. The concerts of this club are not only well attended here, but are in demand in many places—a result of the pioneer work of the Kneisels. They early ventured into cities where chamber music was unheard of, and the term "orchestral concerts" generally meant at its best a Sousa or a Duss. The other quartets are also popular in the good sense of the word. At schools and colleges and private entertainments their services are sought by really musical people.

If the Kneisel concerts in this city have begun to be in a sense "fashionable," they draw none the less the pick of our music lovers, and in such numbers that it even looks as if Mendelssohn Hall would soon be too small. Since chamber music does not appeal to the musical masses, this appreciation of our quartets is in itself evidence of the improvement of American taste. Great dynamic or dramatic effects are not to be obtained or desired in a small hall. It is the finish of the players, their high artistic skill, which counts. Only by endless rehearsing and constant practice can the high-water mark of ensemble-playing be reached, and then only in case the artists have especial gifts to start with. Tonal and color effects are to be obtained only by the most careful correlation of the instruments; by unceasing study of intonations. Correctness of phrasing and of notes is merely the first requisite in the successful chamber-music player.

Nor must it be thought that chamber music appeals only to those whose money has given them unusual opportunities for perfecting a taste. The Auxiliary Club of the People's Symphony Society has recognized the extent of the interest in music, and is engaged in an excellent undertaking—supplying chamber music to people of small means. These concerts, generally given in Cooper Union, may be attended by two persons for 25 cents, the club making up the deficit in the cost. It has availed itself of the existing organizations with marked success, and, like the People's Symphony Society, deserves greater support from the public than it has yet received.

While the quartets now furnish the most popular chamber concerts, the success of the Margulies and Severn Trio clubs must not be overlooked. In this field we may expect still further progress. As for other forms of chamber music—the Petchnikoff concert last week, at which husband and wife, both violinists, played, proves that there is still room for novelties. Last winter eight wood-wind players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave concerts in this city, with fair success; but their work showed clearly that performers of high rank in orchestral work have still much to learn when they turn to chamber music.

All in all, New Yorkers and Americans generally may be proud of the support given to chamber music. It means much to the musician, and will eventually mean much for the American composer.

CANADIAN LITERATURE IN 1906.

OTTAWA, January 15.

Surveying Canada's literary output during the year just closed, one is struck not so much with the high level reached by any one writer or any one book, as by the wide range of this young country's intellectual activities, and the average merit of the whole both in matter and manner. Despite her preoccupation with material affairs, in the development of her vast natural resources, Canada has taken a creditable place in the year's production of books. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of recent Canadian literature is that spirit of optimism which is such a marked feature of Canadian national life.

In poetry the field is confined to names that were already familiar. During the past twelvemonth books of verse have been published by William Wilfred Campbell, Bliss Carman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Isabella Valency Crawford, Vernon Nott, Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, and Frederick George Scott. One notable omission is the name of that versatile Canadian, Charles G. D. Roberts, who has, temporarily at least, abandoned poetry for fiction. We miss, too, the genial interpreter of the French-Canadian *habitant*, Dr. William Henry Drummond. In his "Collected Poems" (Revell), Dr. Campbell has brought together all that he cares to preserve of his earlier verse, with a good deal of new matter published here for the first time. These new poems represent a mature mind, as the others were the product of youth. They reveal a broader outlook upon life, a more definite message, with perhaps less of the lyrical charm of the earlier poems. Bliss Carman has been an exile from his native land for many years, but he has never forgotten the Canadian provinces by the sea where he spent his boyhood. Through all that he has written there runs the memory of familiar scenes in that romantic country about the head of the Bay of Fundy. In his "Pipes of Pan" (L. C. Page & Co.), a reprint of several recent volumes, he expresses again and again the two articles of his faith which he has elsewhere described as the Kinship of Nature and the Poetry of Life. The swing of the sea, the indescribable charm of the northern woods, the witchery of the beautiful Acadian valleys—these and the joy of living are with him always. In his "New World Lyrics" (Morang), and in "Via Borealis" (Tyrrell), Duncan Campbell Scott has made his own a field that had never before been touched in verse, except perhaps in those inimitable folk-songs that are part of the life of French Canada. This is the virgin land of the Far North, the land where the moose and the bear roam free, where Ojibway and fur-trader meet on the banks of the Mattagami. Nearly a quarter of a century ago a little book of verse was published at Toronto, which attracted no notice at the time, and has long since been forgotten. The "Collected Poems" of Isabella Valency Crawford (Briggs) contains all that was included in the earlier book, with a number of other poems gathered from Canadian periodicals. Neither has this later volume gained attention; yet here are verses that have never been equalled by any other Canadian poet. Frederick George Scott, in his "Hymn of Empire" (Briggs), strikes effectively the chords of Canadian patriotism, but in a little lyric toward the end of his book he reaches something deeper even than patriotism, that yearning for "the touch of a vanished hand" that belongs to all races and all times. A few years ago a little book of verse appeared, of some intrinsic value, but chiefly interesting as the product of a family of poets. The verses were by William Carman Roberts, Theodore Roberts, and Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, and they were accompanied by a prologue by Charles Roberts and an epilogue by his cousin, Bliss Carman. In "Dream Verses" (Page) Mrs. Macdonald has boldly adventured alone. While these verses do not mark any very decided advance on those credited to her in the earlier volume, they attract one by their gracious simplicity. Vernon Nott of Montreal is credited with four books of verse, the last of which, "Summer Days" (Greening) appeared a month or two ago. None of these poems rises much above mediocrity. Their value rests mainly upon their sincerity.

One of the evidences of Canada's rise toward nationhood is the increasing interest taken in the early history of the country. The romantic side of early Canadian history has appealed to more than one of her novelists. Its more serious side is taking an increasing hold upon the minds of the people. In her "Pathfinders of the West" and "Vikings of the Pacific" Miss Agnes Laut has revealed the richness of this field. Not every one possesses her picturesque touch, but, in more prosaic fashion, other Canadians are helping to dig the ore that has remained for so many years hidden and forgotten. The value of the work now

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being done in the Dominion Archives has already been explained in the *Nation*. Of almost equal importance is that of the Archives of the Province of Ontario, the third report of which was published late in December. The 1906 transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, of the Ontario Historical Society, the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, and other similar organizations, added important material to Canadian historical literature. Of peculiar interest are Benjamin Sulte's "Origin of the French-Canadians," and Dr. S. E. Dawson's "Brest on the Quebec Labrador"—read before the Royal Society. The Champlain Society is doing excellent work in the editing of historical manuscripts and the publication of annotated reprints of early Canadian books. Several valuable historical articles by Canadians have been prepared for the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," notably the general article on Canadian history, by Prof. C. W. Colby of McGill University, and Prof. G. M. Wrong of Toronto University. Dr. Arthur Doughty and L. J. Burpee have covered French- and English-Canadian literature respectively. W. L. Grant, who has done important editorial work on the new "Britannica," is also editing Champlain's Voyages for the series planned by the American Historical Association. Another book of somewhat similar character, by L. J. Burpee, is "The Search for the Western Sea," covering the exploration of Northwestern America.

In Canadian biography three important volumes appeared during the year in Morang's Makers of Canada Series: Dr. W. D. Le Sueur's "Frontenac," John Lewis's "George Brown," and Le Blond de Brumath's "Laval." Dr. Hannay's "Wilmot and Tilley" and Bradley's "Lord Dorchester" are ready for publication. The Rev. Charles W. Gordon (better known as Ralph Connor) has prepared a life of Dr. Robertson, the eminent Canadian divine; and the Hon. J. W. Longley is editing the Letters of Joseph Howe, one of the fathers of Confederation.

In fiction the Rev. C. W. Gordon has brought out a new novel, "The Doctor," already criticised in the *Nation*. Dr. Wilfred Campbell, after winning a name for himself as a poet, has now followed his fellow-Canadian, Charles Roberts, into fiction. His "Ian of the Orcades," is a romance of old Scotland, covering the same period as the "Fair Maid of Perth." Mr. Roberts himself has written two books of fiction during the year, one a very readable novel, "The Heart that Knows," the other a good boys' story, "The Cruise of the Dido." Another first-rate book for boys is Norman Duncan's "Billy Topsail." Mrs. Everard Cotes returns to the field that she has made so peculiarly her own in "Set in Authority"; Harvey J. O'Higgins in "Don-a-Dreams," Marion Keith in "The Silver Maple," R. L. Richardson in "The Camerons of Bruce," Dr. Price Brown in "In the Van," and Mr. Knowles in "St. Cuthbert's," have taken characteristic Canadian scenes as the setting for their stories. The quiet humor that is characteristic of Sydney Preston's work is a marked feature of his "On Common Ground." W. A. Fraser brings together a further collection of his very readable short stories in "Thirteen Men." A Canadian edition of Jean McIlwraith's "Roderick Campbell" has been issued. This brief survey leaves out of account a number of Canadian books of a scientific or technical character.

The most important contribution to French-Canadian literature in 1906 was l'Abbé G. Dugas's "Histoire de l'Ouest Canadien de 1822 à 1869" (Beauchemin). This is a continuation of his valuable work, published ten years ago, "L'Ouest Canadien, sa découverte par le sieur de la Vérendrye, son exploitation par les compagnies de traiteurs jusqu'à l'année 1822." The significance of La Vérendrye's Western explorations is being recognized more and more by students of Canadian history, as witness Judge Prud'homme's scholarly memoir in the Transactions of the Royal Society, "Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, Sieur de La Vérendrye, Découvreur du Nord-Ouest, 1685-1749." In the same transactions Dr. A. D. DeCelles, librarian of Parliament, pays a tribute of appreciation to the memory of that scholarly Canadian churchman, l'Abbé Bourassa; Camille Roy contributes an elaborate critical paper, "Étude sur l'histoire de la Littérature canadienne, 1800-1820," and in an appendix is found an exhaustive bibliography, covering 161 pages, compiled by Dr. N. E. Dionne, librarian of the legislative library, Quebec, "Inventaire chronologique des ouvrages publiés à l'étranger dans diverses langues sur la Nouvelle-France et sur la province de Québec, depuis la découverte du Canada jusqu'à nos jours, 1534-1906." During 1906, Pierre Georges Roy of Quebec added another to his genealogical studies of French-Canadian families, this volume being devoted to the Panet family, which has given many eminent men to Canadian public life. During the year Beauchemin of Montreal brought out a book of verse by the late Alfred Garneau. In December last the *Revue Canadienne* completed its forty-second year, a remarkable record for a colonial periodical with only a very limited field to appeal to. In the character of its historical, critical, and descriptive articles it is far ahead of any other review published at any time in Canada. L. J. B.

Correspondence.

THE VALUE OF THE DOCTOR'S DEGREE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. H. A. Todd of Columbia chose a timely topic for his recent address before the Modern Language Association at New Haven. In nearly all that he said on the "Function of the Doctor's Degree" he expressed what may be termed the orthodox German view. The ordinary candidate for the degree should not, according to Professor Todd, spend more than a year on the actual writing of his dissertation, and all successful dissertations should be printed. To be sure, the American thesis should aim to combine the solidity of German scholarship with the French finish of form. It is to be feared, however, that satisfactory doctors' theses are not to be compounded by any such easy recipe. Most German theses, on literary subjects at least, are as flimsy in substance as they are crude in form, and finish of form in the French thesis has value only in so far as it is the outer sign of maturity of substance. One can scarcely contemplate the German theses as they pour by hundreds into a large library without a sort of intellectual nausea. To adopt Professor Todd's suggestion as to printing would, under present conditions, simply mean adding an American tributary to the stream.

It is not so much, however, what Professor Todd actually said that is open to objection as what he took for granted. Hope for literary study in this country would seem to lie in questioning the very things that to our philologists of German training seem self-evident. Thus Professor Todd assumed not only that the chief aim of our graduate schools should be to train investigators, but that our graduate students have as a rule a preparation sufficiently broad to justify them in embarking at once on their investigations. He assumed—and this is perhaps the underlying assumption of the whole German school—that there are two kinds of scholars: the receptive scholar, who takes things on authority and is still in his intellectual nonage; and the originative scholar, who proves that he is intellectually of age by independent research. But this is to overlook the all-important, intermediary stage when the mind is neither passively receptive nor again originative, but is assimilative in the active and masculine sense. It is this oversight which leads to the exaggerated estimate of the man who brings forward new material as compared with the man who has really assimilated the old. In a recent paper on "Aspects of Greek Conservatism," Prof. H. W. Smyth of Harvard points out how perfect a balance was maintained in Greek literature between the forces of tradition and the claims of originality, so that Greek literature at its best is a kind of creative imitation. It is precisely the lack of this creative imitation that is the special weakness of our contemporary literature, just as the lack of creative assimilation is the special weakness of our contemporary scholarship. A pseudo-originality is equally the bane of both.

The trouble with most of our imitation of German scholarship is that it has not been creative, but servile. Our practice in regard to the doctor's degree might at least have been tempered by hints from England and France, both of them countries with older literary traditions than Germany. For instance, a First Class at Oxford has little in common with our undergraduate honors, but offers a training comparable in difficulty to that of the doctorate. This training, however, is of an entirely different kind; it is at once a test of humane assimilation, and a discipline in thoroughness and accuracy. The Frenchman, again, who has gained in the *lycée* the educational equivalent of the *gymnasium*, cannot, like the German, proceed at once to specialize; he must in all cases receive the *licence* and in nearly all cases actually does receive the *agrégation*—involving years of assimilative work—before he arrives at his special investigation. Even with these restrictions, Sainte-Beuve, himself one of the greatest and most accurate of investigators, complained of the harm done to humane letters in France by an undue emphasis on "originality" and research. In our own time, the same complaint has been repeated with less amenity by Brunetière. As Sainte-Beuve says, "L'ère des scholiastes

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et commentateurs se rouvre et recommence." One cannot help being reminded of Sainte-Beuve's prophecies of a new Alexandrianism by the poverty of real intellectual achievement on the part of our modern language teachers, as compared with their eager interest in such subjects as the making of concordances, dialect-study, and spelling reform.

It is a pity that more time cannot be spared from these topics to consider not only the best training for the modern language student, but the field that this training should cover; above all, the question as to the relative importance of the mediæval and the classical backgrounds. In theory, several of our institutions—especially Harvard—recognize the value of the classical background. But practically when a student is once started on his bit of mediæval research, he not only has to forego his classics, but in preparing for his doctor's examination often has to cram from manuals a hasty knowledge of the very parts of the modern field that he is afterward to teach. Ordinarily, a student will be forced to make a choice between the Middle Ages and the classics; in only the rarest cases can he really master both. Now a man may be properly qualified to teach seventeenth-century French though he has nothing more than a general notion of the Middle Ages; but he cannot be so qualified if he does not know at first hand his Latin classics at least. The break with the mediæval past was far less abrupt in England than in France, yet even for the student of English literature a knowledge of the Middle Ages before Chaucer is vastly less important than a thorough grounding in the classics.

This being so, one can only deplore the complacency with which modern language teachers as a body seem to regard the rapid decline of Greek studies during the past ten years, as well as the prospect of a demand in the near future for an A.B. degree without Latin. To talk in this connection, as some of them are doing, of inevitable tendencies and "manifest destiny," is simply to surrender to what is cheapest in the spirit of the present age. The current utilitarianism which appears to exalt the study of the modern at the expense of the ancient languages will, if yielded to, deprive this very study of a large part of its seriousness and dignity. President Hadley may, as he said in his New Haven address, prefer "Wilhelm Meister," to Plato; but no one, it should be remembered, would be more offended by the doctrine implied in this utterance than Goethe himself.

The modern languages, then, if they are to deserve to rank as humanities, should be taught so as to insure broad assimilative reading; and they should be taught with reference to the classical background. In a previous paper in the *Nation* (September 20, 1906) I expressed the opinion that these ends could be best attained by a comprehensive plan for graduate and undergraduate honors, undergraduate honors being so used as to give seriousness to the A.B. degree, and graduate honors to the A.M. The problem, however, is not so much to devise some new form of academic machinery as to change the spirit that is responsible for the present superstition of the doctor's degree. This will be a necessary preliminary to the liberalizing of our study of either the ancient or modern languages. IRVING BABBITT.

Harvard University, January 14.

BACON ON SPELLING REFORM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Miss Grace Norton's letter in your issue of January 3 she quoted a very interesting passage from Howell's Letters in favor of reform in spelling; and I suspect that some of your readers may be interested in the opinion of another and greater seventeenth-century writer. With his unerring instinct in going to the heart of things, Francis Bacon takes a hand in this discussion himself, and in chapter i. of the sixth book of the "De Augmentis Scientiarum" he says:

> And with regard to the common orthography itself, a controversy and question has been raised among us, namely, whether words ought to be written as they are pronounced, or in the usual way. But this apparently reformed style of writing (viz., in which the spelling should agree with the pronunciation) belongs to the class of unprofitable subtleties. For the pronunciation itself is continually changing; it does not remain fixed; and the derivations of words, especially from foreign tongues, are thereby completely obscured. And as the spelling of words according to the fashion is no check at all upon the fashion of pronunciation, but leaves it free, to what purpose is this innovation?

This seems to me to be the "last word"; but if spelling can be separated from pronunciation I would suggest that if the reformers wish to persuade the public to use their list of words, they will do well to direct their attack upon the makers of dictionaries, and content themselves with obtaining the admission of their reformed spellings, each in its proper place, but subordinated to the already current form. Litigious persons referring to a dictionary will thus find that the reformed spelling is a legitimate variant. The whole question reminds me of a passage in Crabb Robinson's "Diary," in which the Rev. Dr. Rees describes his visit, in conjunction with a committee of two other Noncomformist divines, to Lord Chancellor Thurlow. Their object was to ask his lordship if they could count on his support in the event of their obtaining the introduction of a bill into Parliament for the repeal of the Corporation and Test Act. Thurlow's reply was:

> Gentlemen, I'm against you, by God. I am for the Established church, damn me! Not that I have any more regard for the Established Church than for any other church, but because *it is* Established. And if you can get your damned religion established, I'll be for that, too!

I suspect that the sanity of both Bacon and Thurlow would become apparent if we could listen to the *pronunciation* by Messrs. Murray, Skeat, Butler, Brander Matthews, Calvin Thomas, and Roosevelt of the list of words their spelling of which they wish us to adopt. WILLIAM S. BOOTH.

Boston, January 17.

PROFESSOR WATSON'S EXPERIMENTS ON RATS DEFENDED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent criticisms of the *Nation* upon the experiments by Dr. John B. Watson on rats are evidently based upon inaccurate newspaper reports.

The purpose of Dr. Watson's work has been misrepresented. The discovery of a mysterious "sixth sense" was not his aim, although in his general studies he has found that rats apparently possess a certain sensibility to the points of the compass. But this discovery has no connection whatever with his main experiments, save that it happened to be mentioned in the same report. In common with many other comparative psychologists and biologists Dr. Watson is carrying on extended observations upon that most pregnant of modern problems, the evolution of intelligence. His own special field has been that of the mammalian mind, a field which obviously lies closest to the domain of human consciousness. In this field it is not often necessary to resort to vivisection, but conclusive evidence on certain points occasionally requires it.

Mind is an endowment for steering organisms through their chance experiences, it operates by the use of sensations. To get exact evidence of the character of the sensations, and thus of the mechanism of mental control, it is sometimes necessary to make such experiments as Dr. Watson's. If one regards the experimentation as cruel (as the writer does not), its justification would be found in its contribution to the foundations of genetic psychology upon which pedagogy, hygiene, and psychiatry largely rest—especially those forms of psychiatry dealing with arrested mental development. There is already reason to congratulate the science on its practical value in these directions.

As to the experiments themselves, they were conducted with the same scrupulous care as regards anæsthesia and asepsis that characterizes the operations of a humane surgeon. I have taken special pains to inquire into this. The alleged "freezing" of the animals' feet, of which so many grewsome pictures have been drawn in the daily papers, in point of fact consisted in the slight use of an ethyl-chloride spray—a device long employed by surgeons for producing *a very transient dermal anæsthesia*, leaving no after effects of damage or pain. Other measures have been similarly misrepresented. The animals recover from the operations almost immediately, show prodigious appetites, and promptly return to play and business with their companions. Neither the editor of the *Nation* nor any one else could by their behavior distinguish the normal rats from those upon whom the operations have been made. The latter are fat, strong, and vigorous, and apparently do everything which their normal brothers do, and with equal facility.

It was because previous experimentation had seemingly showed that the so-called higher senses were of little or no consequence for these animals under conditions of captivity that the vivisection experiments were felt to be essential. Could it be that animals of so much apparent intelligence really get along almost wholly by means of their "movement" and organic sensations? If so, primitive mammalian mind is quite a different sort of thing from the common psychological conception of it, and the outcome of the experiments is apparently to show that such is the fact.

If we assume as a matter of course that we are at liberty to remove rats by linger-

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ing poisons, by the slow torture of rat-traps, by drowning, or by any other means that will be effective, surely there is not the slightest ground for blame when an animal is with proper care deprived of sense processes whose absence does not noticeably alter his behavior or happiness. Nor is the attitude of the critic wholly consistent who objects to these anæsthetic experiments while accepting complacently the annual wounding by hunters of thousands of birds and animals that escape to suffer for indefinite periods.

One familiar with the rats with which Dr. Watson has experimented must regard them indeed as exceptionally favored rather than otherwise. They live in plenty, they show a tame and amiable attitude toward those who handle them; and are they not protected from the spring-trap, the rat-terrier, the slow poison of the public that is less discriminating and far more cruel than the careful scientific investigator?

J. MARK BALDWIN.

Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, January 15.

OPEN SHELVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article in your issue of January 10 (p. 34), stating that "American librarians" are "compelled to confess" that "the 'open-shelf' system is proving a failure" in our libraries, seems to me somewhat pessimistic and overdrawn. We must remember that the open-shelf system is comparatively new, and has been given a fair trial in but few of the larger libraries, so that it seems a little premature to confess failure. We must also remember that the great majority of librarians and library trustees are opposed to the system, and will not give it a fair trial—indeed, many of them, owing to the construction of their buildings, where the stack-room plays so important a part, cannot give it a trial. A member of the Massachusetts State Library Commission, at a Library Club meeting, within three years, said that he thought the open-shelf system was wrong, because it tempted the young to steal. A. R. Spofford, in his work, "A Book for All Readers" (p. 221), states the case of the opposition thus: "The open-shelf system requires far more space, and is more expensive; and that, however desirable its general adoption, is utterly impracticable." My own experience has been that the keenest opponents of open shelves are those who have never given the system a trial. It is, like many other library questions, one that should not be condemned absolutely because there have been some cases of failure.

Under ideal conditions, the statement that the unscholarly reader "stands ten times the chance of making a wise selection when he is limited to a room in which there are only one-tenth as many books, and that tenth a selection of the best," may be perfectly true; but where are ideal conditions to be found? Certainly not in our libraries, as yet. We have been training people to use books during the past ten or fifteen years as never before. We open children's libraries where every book is accessible, but when these children become adults we refuse them access to the shelves, on the ground that they are not to be trusted to select their own reading. And what are we to say to that large and ever-growing class of technically and professionally educated people who are already knocking at our doors for access to the shelves? No librarian living can meet the needs of these people by a "selection of best books."

It is a very serious question, deserving careful study and experimentation on a large scale before we confess failure. At the Clark University library we have had the open-shelf system since its opening, in 1889, and it has been an unqualified success. We check up our books once a year, and our losses have not averaged $5 a year.

LOUIS N. WILSON.

Clark University, Worcester, Mass., January 15.

[We hardly need to point out that children's libraries are, in fact, select libraries; and that as regards open shelves the problem of the college library is not exactly that of the public library.—ED. NATION.]

A. C. BENSON ON GISSING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the article on George Gissing in your issue of Jannary 17, perhaps those who have not seen Benson's paragraph upon him in "The Upton Letters" will be glad to have their attention called to it:

> Then there is another writer, lately dead, alas! whose books I used to read with absorbing interest, George Gissing. They had, when he treated of his own peculiar stratum, the same quality of hard reality which I value most of all in a work of fiction. The actors were not so much vulgar as underbred; their ambitions and tastes were often deplorable. But one felt that they were real people. The wall of the suburban villa was gently removed, and the life was before your eyes. The moment he strayed from that *milieu*, the books became fantastic and unreal. But in the last two books, "By the Ionian Sea" and the "Papers of Henry Rycroft," Gissing stepped into a new province, and produced exquisitely beautiful and poetical idealistic literature.

ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, January 19.

THE ABSURDITIES OF THE TARIFF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The ineptitudes of our tariff are an inexhaustible source of gaiety, or affliction. I am usually patient under them. I even pay, without a murumur, duty on complimentary copies of my own books which, as New York won't look at them, I have to publish in London. But my latest experience transcends my patience, and I must air my grievance. I have just had sent me my Master's hood (old and used) of Cambridge University by post from England. I was assessed for 60 per cent. on this as an article of wearing apparel, which, rationally speaking, it is not. I protested; in vain. I then pointed out that *Hoods* figure on the tariff at 20 per cent., and that in any case that was the proper charge. But, no; evidently, in the opinion of the collector of customs, this was merely a base subterfuge and evasion on my part; my hood was not the sort of hood that has commercial currency and I must therefore be pitchforked into *Wearing Apparel*! I blush when I think of the epithets which the research student of the year 2000 will bestow on our civilization.

J.

Cambridge, Mass., January 16.

Notes.

Macmillan's list of spring publications is long and interesting. It includes the following: "Prima Donna," by F. Marion Crawford; "Spirit Lake," by Arthur Heming; "Before Adam," and "Love of Life," by Jack London; "The Gulf," by John Luther Long; "The Kinsman," by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick; "Family Secrets," by Marion Foster Washburne; "Poppea of the Post Office," by Mabel Osgood Wright; "Ghetto Comedies," by Israel Zangwill; "The Earth's Bounty," by Mrs. Kate Saint Maur; "The Birth of the Nation," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor; "A Book of Vegetables," by Allen French; "Problems of the Panama Canal," by Henry L. Abbot; "Three Acres and Liberty," by Bolton Hall; "Birdcraft," by Mabel Osgood Wright; "Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin," edited by Rollo Ogden; "Mrs. Gaskell," by Clement Shorter; "Charles Kingsley," by G. K. Chesterton; "Shakespeare," by Prof. Walter Raleigh; "Emerson," by George Edward Woodberry; "The Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin," vol. x., edited by Albert H. Smyth; "A History of the United States," vol. ii., by Edward Channing; "A History of Rome in the Middle Ages," vol. i., by F. Marion Crawford and Prof. Giuseppe Tomasetti; "A History of the Inquisition of Spain," vol. iii., by Henry Charles Lea, LL.D.; "The Cambridge Modern History," vol. x.; "The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century," vol. iii., by Herbert L. Osgood; "Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound," by Edmond S. Meany; "The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist," by George P. Baker; "The Modern Reader's Bible," one volume, edited by Richard G. Moulton; "A Flower of Old Japan, and Other Poems," by Alfred Noyes; "Lyrical and Dramatic Poems," vol. ii., by W. B. Yeats; "Sappho and Phaon," by Percy Mackaye; "Her Own Way," and "The Girl and the Judge," by Clyde Fitch; "The Truce in the East and the Aftermath," by L. Putnam Weale; "Essentials of Economic Theory," by John Bates Clark; "The Government of European Cities," by William Bennett Munro; "Races and Immigration in America," by John R. Commons; "Federal Power Over Carriers and Corporations," by F. Parmalee Prentice; "Practical Problems in Banking and Currency," edited by Walter Henry Hull; "The International Law and Diplomacy of the Russo-Japanese War," by A. S. Hershey; "Newer Ideals of Peace," by Jane Addams; "Labor and Capital," by Goldwin Smith; "The Tariff and the Trusts," by Franklin Pierce; "Freedom in the Church," by the Rev. Dr. Alexander V. G. Allen; "The Steps of Life," by Carl Hilty; "The Crisis of the Church," by Shailer Mathews; "The Psychology of Religious Belief," by James B. Pratt; "Christianity and the Social Crisis," by Walter Rauschenbusch; "The Persistent Problems of Philosophy," by Mary Whiton Calkins; "The Way to Happiness," by Thomas R. Slicer; "The Religious Conception of the

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World," by Arthur Kenyon Rogers; "The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life," by Henry Churchill King; "Religion, Natural and Revealed," revised, by N. S. Joseph; "Early Traditions of the Israelites," by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne; "Monuments of the Early Church," new edition, by Walter Lowrie; "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians," vol. iii., revised and greatly enlarged; "Life in the Homeric Age," by Thomas Day Seymour; "Life in Ancient Athens," by T. G. Tucker; "The Principles of Secondary Education," by Charles DeGarmo; "Classroom Management; Its Principles and Technique," by William Chandler Bagley; "Theories of Style," arranged by Lane Cooper; "A Brief Course in the History of Education," by Paul Monroe; "A History of Greece for Secondary Schools," by J. B. Bury; "The Larger Types of American Geography" (Second Series), by Charles A. McMurry; "Economics," new edition, by Frank W. Blackmar; "German Science Reader," by William H. Wait; "American History for High Schools," by Roscoe Lewis Ashley; "Elementary English Composition," by Tuley Francis Huntington, A. M.; "Methods in Teaching," by Mrs. Rosa V. Winterburn and James A. Barr; "Paris," by Mortimer Menpes and Dorothy Menpes; "The Art of Theatrical Make-Up," by Cavendish Morton; "The Savage South Seas," by Norman H. Hardy and E. Way Elkington; "Canada," by T. Mower Martin and Wilfred Campbell; "English Costume," by Dion Clayton Calthrop; "Ireland," by Francis S. Walker, and Frank Mathew.

J. A. Farrer has written a study of "Literary Forgeries," including the "Eikon Basilike," Chatterton's poems, and the forged Letters of Byron and Shelley. Messrs. Longman have the book in press.

Two important works are soon to be published by M. Champion of Paris: "Mélanges, Linguistiques," by the late Gaston Paris, and the second volume of "Les Français Italianisants au XVIe Siècle," by Émile Picot.

The German National Free Mason Association proposes to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in September, 1911, by the publication of a complete bibliography of Free Mason literature, and has for this purpose set aside as a preliminary the sum of 15,000 marks. Down to 1750 the work is to be an international bibliography, but from 1750 to the present it will be limited to publications in the German language.

The *Geographical Journal* for January opens with an address by Sir G. T. Goldie in Edinburgh at the award of the Livingstone medal on geographical ideals. He characterizes Livingstone as the ideal explorer, and Reclus as the ideal cartographer. Dr. Stein sends from Central Asia an account of his exploration work, the most interesting feature of which was the discovery of a large number of manuscripts on paper, in Sanskrit, Chinese, and the "unknown" language of old Khotan, besides many wooden tablets inscribed in the same language, and in Tibetan. "Some excellently preserved large rolls of a Buddhistic text in Chinese, having on the reverse what is evidently its translation into the 'unknown' language, may prove to furnish the long-desired clue for the decipherment of the latter." Among the other contents are an illustrated description by V. Cornish of progressive waves in rivers, and a paper on the study of social geography read at the meeting of the British Association by Prof. G. W. Hoke of the Ohio State Normal College.

The first volume of the Tudor and Stuart Library, published at the Clarendon Press, contains a literal reprint of "Howell's Devises" (1581), with an Introduction by Walter Raleigh. The titles of Howell's known works are: "The Arbor of Amitie, wherein is comprised pleasant Poems and pretie Poesies, set foorth by Thomas Howell Gentleman," 1568; "Newe Sonets, and pretie Pamphlets, Written by Thomas Howell, Gentelman. Newly augmented, corrected and amended," licensed 1567-8; "H. His Devises, for his owne exercise and his Friends pleasure," 1581. Of these only a single original copy of each is known to exist, although they were all reprinted by Dr. Grosart in 1879. Professor Raleigh's edition gives us the best and most characteristic volume of one of that mob of gentlemen who with rather a thin music filled the interval between Surrey and Spenser. Their works are not for the general, but every scholar and wide reader of English will welcome this help to their acqaintance. The editor calls attention to the reminiscences of Chaucer in Howell, and points out the fact that the earliest extant notice of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" occurs in the lines "Written to a most excellent Booke, full of rare invention."

"The Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Hood," edited, with notes, by Walter Jerrold, is added to the excellent Oxford edition of the poets—a volume to set beside Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," Combe's "Dr. Syntax," and a few other prime humorists from that age. Mr. Jerrold has provided a more comprehensive edition of Hood than has hitherto been available, searching out from the magazines whatever could be certainly attributed to him, and adding half a dozen new poems from manuscript. We confess ourselves in general hostile to this mania for raking up insignificant matter and adding it to the works of writers who already suffer from the preservation of too much that is mediocre. The result of such accumulations is to lessen the number of an author's readers and bury him ever deeper in oblivion. What is needed most of all now is a series of judiciously selected (not expurgated) editions, which would lighten the labor of carrying the past with us. Such a volume, in the case of Hood, would bring into emphasis his few poems of strangely penetrating pathos and aerial fancy and would separate from the mass of stuff written for some "funny corner" the poems whose wit is perennially fresh. We should like, by the way, a study of Hood's wit and pathos which would show how they often turn on the same faculty of playing with the meaning of words. For the rest, we have nothing but praise for the present edition of Hood; the notes are capital, and the make-up of the volume attractive.

"Correspondence of Two Brothers," by Lady Guendolen Ramsden, is just issued by Longmans, Green & Co. The two brothers, whose letters make up a good deal of this portly volume, but by no means all of it, are Lady Guendolen Ramsden's grandfather, the eleventh Duke of Somerset, and her great-uncle, Lord Webb Seymour. The period covered reaches from 1775 to 1853, but at either end the matter is thin, and the years 1800 to 1819 yield the bulk of the correspondence. It is a rambling, unkempt book; but it contains some material for historical specialists; and the general reader, who is agile in skipping and has a quick eye for the picturesque and the amusing, may dip into it with no fear of going unrewarded. Both brothers were men of intellect, the Duke distinguishing himself as a mathematician, an antiquarian, and a pioneer in psychical research; while Lord Webb Seymour early gave up "all the ordinary uses of rank and fortune," and retired to the British Boston—Edinburgh, where he remained for the rest of his days, devoting himself to geology, philosophy, and the literary society of the place. On his death Hallam, the historian, wrote a memoir of him, in which he compared him to Marcus Aurelius. The book is not so grave, however, as these facts might suggest. To tell the truth, the brothers' letters are not the most attractive part of it. Lady Guendolen Ramsden has the quality of her defect as an editor. If she is not orderly, neither is she narrow, and her discursiveness is fruitful of many neat glimpses of contemporary society. The Duke and Lord Webb were in touch with not a few people of perennial interest, such as Sir Walter Scott, Madame de Staël, Metternich, and Sydney Smith.

The Burrows Brothers of Cleveland have recently brought out "The Navy of the American Revolution," a small, well-printed duodecimo, into whose narrow compass the author, Charles O. Paullin, Ph.D., has packed an astonishingly succinct and trustworthy account of the administration of the maritime forces of the revolted colonies. Dealing with the creation, organization, and control of the Continental navy and the various State navies in turn, he has emphasized this neglected page of our history rather than the well-known brilliant exploits of a few popular heroes. These, however, he does not ignore, but merely assigns to their due place. The reason why so little was accomplished by the men fighting on shipboard in public and private vessels (at least twice as numerous as those fighting on shore) was never made more clear. As they lacked proper direction and coöperation, nothing better could have been expected. Dr. Paullin's references to authorities are so frequent and scrupulous that his book becomes an indispensable guide to the student of this epoch.

The late Senator John H. Reagan's "Memoirs" (Neale Publishing Co.) are partly dull and partly interesting. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Mr. Reagan's recollection of the early days of Texan independence is not particularly lively. And yet these days must have been, in a certain sense, lively enough to furnish many incidents typical of a civilization now happily past. We miss the personal element where this element must have been dominant. As postmaster-general of the Confederacy, however, Mr. Reagan stands on firmer ground, and has written pages that are not without future historical value. We hear the personal note and get some insight into the workings of the Confeder-

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ate Cabinet. Written in sensible, straightforward style, these "Memoirs" cover no complaint, reveal no humor; they are the serious expression of a serious man's reminiscences, with the political aspect of things always squarely to the front.

In the "Women of the Confederacy" (Neale Publishing Co.) the Rev. J. L. Underwood has brought together from various sources a number of stories, episodes, "tributes" (an odious word!), bearing on the devotion and courage of the women of the South during the war between the States. We have always believed that to women falls the hardest lot in war, and surely no other women ever had a harder lot than the women of the Confederacy; none ever bore it more uncomplainingly. Whether their cause was right or wrong, they believed in it, and gave it their all. And so they really deserve to-day a little more than Mr. Underwood's well-meant compilation, and when they get their just recognition, it will lie rather in the record itself than in mere words of praise.

From John W. Munson's "Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerrilla" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) it is clear that Mosby's partisan rangers were not soldiers. Col. Mosby himself unquestionably held a Confederate commission; but, if we may trust the account of these pages, his men were time and again more bent on booty than on service. Given a state of war, to kill one's enemy in open combat is legitimate, but to kill him and then take his watch and money, is to practise the trade of a highwayman. There was so much of this sort of thing in Mosby's command as to be undeniably a blot on the reputation of the most daring and skilful rangers that ever rode boot to boot. It is part of the record, however; and, if the author gives expression to it much as if he were describing a bear hunt, we must recollect that his purpose is purely reminiscent, and not the serious one of weighing Mosby's services as part of the sum of Confederate operations.

"Links in My Life on Land and Sea," by J. W. Gambier, Commander Royal Navy (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a book which some people will enjoy reading. The author is a nephew of Admiral Gambier of Baltic memory. After retiring, he went to Turkey, in the Russo-Turkish war, as naval correspondent of the London *Times*. He writes in a free off-hand manner, and is frequently unrefined, even to coarseness. Knocking about the world, he appears to have visited many out-of-the-way places. His description of Norfolk Island, for instance, is interesting, since we seldom hear of it. There is a curious absence of dates. The reader has to guess in what year this rambling sailor is undergoing his remarkable experiences. If the book has literary merit, we have failed to discover it; or any mark of distinction. The author's comments are, as a rule, commonplace. Yet a kind of devil-may-care tone may render these chapters entertaining to readers who like a slashing way of talking of men and events. As indicating the merits and defects of this rather unusual piece of autobiography, we may quote a single passage, taken at random:

I rushed over to Paris to say goodbye. My American friends were in a small *pension* in the Rue du Colysée, No. 8, and were practically living on the charity of a very noble-minded American millionaire, Mr. Corcoran, who, I believe, kept half the American colony of Southerners going all through the war. I found a well-known French historian hanging about the eldest girl, and instinctively mistrusted him. He was a plausible, sneaking, conceited humbug, and brought great sorrow into that family. I also heard of an extremely wealthy German banker, of Jewish extraction, as paying great attention to the younger, my *fiancée*. But I thought nothing of it, and left again with as light a heart as the prospect of this temporary separation would permit. Could I have foreseen the future, I should have stopped in Paris, called out both men, and have tried to kill them. Page 287.

The third edition of Thomas Kirkup's "History of Socialism" (The Macmillan Co.) has been revised at a few points and enlarged by some forty pages. The first twelve chapters are substantially unchanged, but the thirteenth, treating of the growth of socialism, has been completely rewritten in order to bring it up to date. The concluding chapters deal with the alleged forces now making for the coming of socialism, and review in a dispassionate, if sympathetic, way the philosophy of the movement. Since 1887, when the author published his first work upon the subject, great changes have occurred, both in industrial conditions and in economic opinion, which seem to justify many of his forecasts; and it is not strange that he now speaks with calm assurance of the coming socialistic state. He is singularly free from the exaggerated statement and declamatory style which characterize the writing of so many socialists, and the concluding pages of the present volume show him at his best. Others have written with fuller knowledge of the literature, or from more intimate acquaintance with the practical propaganda, but none have surpassed Mr. Kirkup in philosophical grasp of the essentials of socialism, or have presented the doctrine in more intelligible form.

Francis W. Hirst's "Monopolies, Trusts, and Kartells," which was brought out by Methuen & Company in 1905, is now presented to American readers by E. P. Dutton & Co. So far as we can observe no changes are made in the plates. Persons who believe that the "trust movement" flourishes in a free-trade country like England will learn much to their advantage by perusing the volume in either its English or its American dress.

The stuff that sociology is made of is exemplified by Prof. Franklin H. Giddings's "Readings in Descriptive and Historical Sociology" (The Macmillan Co.), which is designed "to offer to the beginner in sociological studies significant examples of the great facts of social evolution and of their interpretation." The volume contains three or four hundred extracts varying in length from five lines to five pages, and classified under the headings: Society, Elements and Structure of Society, The Social Mind, Social Organization, and Social Welfare. The puzzle seems to be: Fit these extracts, if you can, into the author's general scheme of sociological classification and terminology. Turning, for instance, to page 72, under the general heading Elements and Structure of Society, and the sub-heading Aggregation, the student will find the following:

An Army of Blackbirds.—Last Wednesday army after army of blackbirds flew over Aline, headed north. The advance guard was about a half-mile long and flying in lines or files reaching from the Rock Island to the Orient track. The second flew in column formation and was fully three-quarters of a mile long. At intervals of from fifteen minutes to an hour all through the forenoon patches and squares of birds followed. A conservative estimate of the number that passed during the forenoon would be five hundred thousand. The birds flew very low, and their wings and chattering could be heard at a great distance.—Kansas City *Journal*, April, 1905.

From birds the student may, if he choose, pass to Bostonians, and wrestle with the following extract on page 76:

The Early Bostonians.—The Bostonians, almost without exception, are derived from one country and a single stock. They are all descendants of Englishmen; and of course are united by all the great bonds of society: language, religion, government, manners, and interests.—Timothy Dwight, "Travels in New England and New York," vol. i., 506.

By stages he will advance from the simpler problems of social elements to the more complicated questions of social organization and welfare, until he finishes "a fairly complete scheme of elementary readings in descriptive and historical sociology." The value of it all we shall leave to those who have the courage to try it; the belief of the editor is that such exercises keep the student's mind "alert to discover essential similarities between facts drawn from widely different sources."

Professor, now also Sir, William M. Ramsay has collected under the title "Pauline and Other Studies" (A. C. Armstrong & Son) some fifteen essays ranging from "Shall We Hear Evidence or Not?" to "Life in the Days of St. Basil the Great"—papers which, with one exception, have already seen the light in various British reviews. The title is inexact and the unity of character in the studies slight. The illustrations which accompany the text are new.

The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church of this city, has earned the gratitude of all who are interested in the history of New York, as well as those who concern themselves with ecclesiastical matters, by his careful completion of his "History of the Parish of Trinity Church in the City of New York," of which volumes iii. and iv. are now published (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The period covered in these two volumes is from 1816, the year in which John Henry Hobart began his able leadership of the parish, to 1862, when the author of this history was inducted to the rectorship. The history of Trinity Parish is in large part the history of the Episcopal Church in the city and State of New York, since up to 1830 the offices of Bishop of the Diocese and Rector of Trinity Parish were filled by the same person. Moreover, Bishop Hobart was a man of national influence, whose services to the Church in general Dr. Dix has not overestimated. The extended bounty of Trinity is traditional, and the recital of applications granted and accepted has obliged the author to touch upon religious situations of great variety and extent. Dr. Dix has been thorough in his search for documents and careful in their use, and his work will be invaluable to students of the matters with which it deals. As to outward form

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these volumes leave nothing to be desired, either in dignity, taste, or serviceableness.

Ten lectures on the origin, mutual relation, and historical value of the four Gospels and the history of their adoption into the canon, delivered in the spring of 1906 by F. Crawford Burkitt at the Passmore Edwards Settlement in London, and, on the author's election to the Morrisian Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge, repeated as his inaugural course, are published under the title "The Gospel History and its transmission" (Charles Scribner's Sons). The volume evinces ripe scholarship and good critical judgment. The priority of Mark is maintained and the construction of the framework of Christ's life, according to the Marcan account, is attempted, with some original and valuable suggestions. The theory that Marcion is the real source of the doctrine that Christ's death was a ransom to the devil, which was for many centuries the received teaching, is made quite plausible.

"The Psychology and Training of the Horse," by Count Eugenio Martinengo Cesaresco, has been imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. The author devotes a considerable portion of his book to a discussion of the mind of the horse, and although he uses the pretentious term "psychology," he starts with the generally accepted statement that "the horse is endowed with fair intelligence within the range of ideas allowed by his mental constitution and faculties." While describing the motives and habits of the animal the author mingles a considerable amount of instruction and advice; and after many pages comes to the wise conclusion that "every horse according to his mental nature, sensibility, intelligence, and his physical qualities, is more or less adapted to a particular use or employment." In truth, although the author has prepared a readable book, under a title indicating an entirely original treatment of the subject, he is forced back to certain facts proved by the long experience of many horsemen. The horse must be trained by teaching him the use of the various implements and aids. When he has learned that by obedience he meets with kindness and that through a failure to comply he incurs resistance or punishment, his training proceeds smoothly. To this extent he may be said to reason, but in the main the horse is absolutely a creature of habit. An entire chapter is devoted to fear, its causes and amelioration, but after all is said and done, strange sights and unaccustomed sounds arouse suspicion and fear in all animals; punishment generally fails to remove it, and, not infrequently, increases and fixes it as a habit, while patience and kindness will nearly always enable an animal of limited reasoning powers to overcome acute fear of things which do not actually injure it. The final chapter on the use of the bridle and curb bit is not up to the standard of accurate knowledge, and detailed instruction of the cavalry schools of America, France, Germany, Austria, or the very efficient establishment in the author's own country.

"Behind the Scenes With Wild Animals," by Ellen Velvin (Moffat, Yard & Co.) will appeal to the lover of the sensational, as it consists of a heterogeneous collection of anecdotes detailing hair-breadth escapes of animal trainers and sundry bitings and scratchings by captive trained animals. The author had a rare chance to obtain interesting material, an opportunity which was thrown away because of her sensational interest in the lives of the trainers themselves, and because of the anthropomorphic treatment of the animals. The disjointed way in which anecdote follows anecdote, and the lack of coherence between chapters and parts of chapters leave in the reader's mind only a blur of disconnected facts. The single thing which approaches lasting value is the list of various species of mammals which have been bred in captivity. The photographs of animals by E. R. Sanborn and others are excellent.

"Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France: Gascony, Provence, Languedoc," by Elise Whitlock Rose, with illustrations from original photographs by Vida Hunt Francis, is issued in two volumes by G. P. Putnam's Sons. This work aims to allure the curious traveller. It is not technical, and its historical side is not very systematic. Yet the author preserves a just sense of proportion. The churches of the ancient maritime provinces of southern France are, of course, not to be compared for size or magnificence with the cathedrals of the North. Purity of design is to be found in only a few of them, and in spite of the audacity with which some of their builders ventured to combine features of different ages and orders, the structures show comparatively little originality. Many of them, especially those among the foothills of the Pyrenees, were long ago reduced from cathedrals to parish churches. But the makers of these two beautiful volumes have discovered other merits and a manifold charm in the wilful perversions of style, and have read a moving story of ecclesiastical ambition and popular heresies, and finally national indifference, in the battered and mouldering walls. But few cathedrals of the South are of commanding size, as Bayonne, Rodez, and Auch. Perhaps not one, unless it be Bayonne, is regular in style. Many, especially if we include those which have lost their former diocesan dignity, are very small, as the forsaken relics at Digne, Senez, and Saint Papoul. Quaintness and confusion, rather than any claim to artistic excellence, characterize the edifices at Toulouse and Rieux. The interest of the cathedral at Carcassonne is almost purely romantic, depending on its picturesque elevation above that wonderful town and on its associations with the wars of religion. The building at Maguelonne was as much a seamark and watch-tower as a church, and the forbidding walls of the cathedral of Albi were intended largely for defence. The high-perched fanes of Entrevaux and Sisteron, approached over drawbridges and up precipitous streets, are remarkable chiefly for situation. Yet all these peculiarities are elements of a charm which is amply transmitted in these volumes. The author struggles rather helplessly with general historical and archæological questions in the opening pages, and is often uncertain and inexpert in the use of language, but manages nevertheless, with the help of many fine illustrations, to convey the charm. Not by the law of 1906, but by the withdrawal of faith, have these churches of the Pyrenees and the Mediterranean been left desolate.

In her "Comparative Studies in Nursery Rhymes" (Duckworth & Co.), Lina Eckenstein aspires neither to exhaustiveness of treatment nor finality of interpretation. Well satisfied if she can show nursery lore to enshrine much that is "meaningful" and worthy the attention of the student, she discusses, in the space of some two hundred pages, nursery rhymes proper, and the popular songs handed down with them, rhymes and ballads, country dances and games, custom rhymes and riddle rhymes, cumulative pieces, chants of numbers and the creed, chants on bird sacrifice, etc., etc. Of actual comparisons she makes less use in the case of ballads and popular songs —many of these are comparatively modern —than when writing, *e. g.*, of games like Sally Waters, Drop the Handkerchief, etc., where she sees traces of a primitive marriage-rite; or cumulative pieces, *i. e.*, pieces like "The House That Jack Built," that depend for their consistency on repetition and cumulation. Of the latter, some appear to relate to the making and unmaking of spells; others, like the chants of number and of the creed, are obviously intended to convey instruction. The parallels to these from Languedoc, Spain, Canada, etc., are especially interesting. The book, as a whole, is well arranged and readable, besides showing considerable knowledge. We are grateful for the list of foreign authorities and of the collections of nursery rhymes in chronological order.

In view of the scarcity of works in the Basque language, students will rejoice at the bringing to light by Don Julio de Urquijo, in the Franciscan convent of Zarauz, of the "Obras Vascongadas" (Basque works) of Joannes D'Etcheberri. This writer, of whom but little is known, was born at Sare, in the country of the French Basques, in the latter half of the seventeenth century. His exact date is uncertain, as the registers are imperfect. He lived for a time in his native village, practising as a physician. In 1716 for some reason or other we find him leaving France and settling in Spain. He is supposed to have died there in 1749. While still at Sare he began a dictionary of four languages, Basque, Spanish, French, and Latin. This is mentioned by the scholar Larramendi, but is now lost, if indeed it ever was finished. The manuscript discovered by Don Urquijo belongs to the same period (circa 1712). It is written in the Labourdin dialect, which is admitted to be the best, and consists of two distinct parts, (a) the Rudiments of Basque, (b) the Rudiments of Latin. The second he intended as supplement to the dictionary, believing that Latin contained the roots of all the languages. These works, with Spanish notes and introduction by Don Urquijo, make up a volume of some three hundred pages quarto. The publisher is Paul Geuthner, Paris.

In our review last week of the "Harvard Studies in Classical Philology," we might have noted that the volume (No. xvii.) was intended, in the words of the preface, "as a token of affection and esteem for Clement Lawrence Smith, of the class of 1863, for thirty-four years a valued member of the department, but forced by ill health to

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resign the Pope Professorship of Latin in this university in 1904."

The recently installed Mayor of Oxford (E. J. Brooks) has launched a project, sanctioned by the vice-chancellor (T. H. Warren, president of Magdalen College), for an Oxford historical pageant, to be produced for the coming commemoration of 1907, and to be repeated every day during that week, June 24 to 29. This project is exciting much interest at Oxford, in view of the successful performances at Sherborne and Warwick and of the plans already afoot for something similar at Bury St. Edmunds. The much applauded Bryn Mawr pageants and plays have doubtless familiarized the American public with the scope of such revivals as a means of quickening old-time historical associations, so that the barest outline of the Oxford plan will suffice. Scenes are to be produced reënacting many of the half-forgotten episodes in the romantic history of several of the ancient foundations of Oxford. These are to be selected by a committee consisting of experts, such as the regius and the Chichele professors of modern history, Firth and Oman, the professor of English literature, Raleigh, and others.

It may not generally be known to students of geography in this country that the Hon. James Bryce, the newly appointed British ambassador to the United States, is a specialist in their department, and has contributed to geographical literature not alone from the side of the field investigator or traveller, but from that of the collegian and teacher. His "Student's Atlas of Physical Geography," published upwards of thirty years ago, is in no sense a modern work, but yet presents the science in a way that must continue to commend itself on the score of conciseness, directness, and a clear perspective, even where the so-called "newer" geographies have entered the field. The Atlas might be said to be a minor and popularized Berghaus. Mr. Bryce is a noted Alpinist, with a record in high-mountaineering which has given to him the presidency of the British Alpine Club. At a recent meeting of the American Alpine Club he was nominated to honorary membership in that body.

Prof. William James of Harvard has announced his intention to withdraw from active teaching and devote his time to writing.

STUDIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

Westward Extension, 1841-1850. By George P. Garrison. [The American Nation, vol. xvii.] New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

Professor Garrison's readable volume is another illustration of the changing attitude of historical scholars towards the history of the United States in the period from 1815 to 1861. With few exceptions, writers on that period have tended to view nearly all the great events of the time with primary reference to their bearing on the slavery controversy. The great civil war, with its impressive achievement of both nationalism and freedom, has so far cast its shadow backward over the immediately preceding years as to make pretty much every event in regard to which the North and the South were of different minds seem but another step towards the final and inevitable struggle. Everywhere there have been pointed out the dark and subtle machinations of the slave power, and nowhere more strikingly than in the case of the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war—topics which naturally occupy a prominent place in Professor Garrison's volume. It is one of the special merits of Professor Garrison's book that, without minimizing the true importance of slavery in the period with which he deals, he has freed himself from bondage to a conventional theory which, however stimulating emotionally, is as a whole both insufficient and misleading, and has taken a position more in harmony with the facts.

In Professor Garrison's view, the underlying impulse in the United States, from 1840 to 1850, was territorial expansion; and while territorial expansion inevitably involved a settlement of the conflicting claims of slavery and freedom in the new regions of the West, Southwest, and Northwest, slavery was a secondary, and not a primary, influence in determining the new territorial policy. The working out of this thesis has resulted in a volume some parts of which are positive additions to hitherto available knowledge; while the use of manuscript material—a rare thing in this series—in the archives of Texas and Mexico as well as at Washington, gives additional weight to his conclusions. The author is at his best, we think, in exhibiting the approaches to great events rather than in describing those events themselves. Thus we have illuminating chapters on the beginnings of the Texas question, the Texas boundary controversy, and the diplomatic negotiations for annexation, as well as on annexation itself. Two later chapters tell the story of the rupture with Mexico and the Slidell mission—both of them rather neglected topics—while the military operations of the war are rather summarily disposed of. The history of the Wilmot proviso, with its divisive effect on both Democratic and Whig parties, gains significance by considering the territorial as well as the slavery aspects of it. The adjustment of the Oregon difficulty was a less complicated matter, with even more remote connection with slavery; while the Maine boundary dispute stands by itself, save as it illustrates, in its limited field, the prevailing demand for territory.

Equally suggestive, if not always at first sight equally convincing, is Professor Garrison's exposition of the party situation and the motives and conduct of party leaders. Both the character and the achievements of Tyler are exhibited in a much more favorable light than has customarily been the case. For example, instead of condemning Tyler for his breach with the Whigs, Professor Garrison credits him with honesty and courage, declines to adjudge him guilty of untruthfulness in the bank matter, and points out that his attitude was only what was to be expected from a stanch believer in State rights. For Polk, too, whose invaluable manuscript diary he has used, he has defence and judicious commendation. The exact status of the Texas boundary was difficult, if not possible, to determine, but the evidence adduced by Professor Garrison goes far to acquit Polk of the charge of deliberately instigating an invasion of Texas when he ordered Taylor to advance to the Rio Grande. On the whole, both Tyler and Polk pass this new scrutiny with enhanced credit. Clay's standing is not raised, however, nor Buchanan's, while neither Scott nor Taylor add to their military laurels. We have no space to dwell on these or other interesting points, however, and can only commend the book as a thoughtful and scholarly study of a period which has long needed impartial examination.

The Records of the Virginia Company of London. The Court Book, from the Manuscript in the Library of Congress. With an introduction and bibliography by Susan Myra Kingsbury. Vol. I. Washington. Pp. 636, facsimiles.

After the lapse of nearly two centuries, the Court Book of the Virginia Company of London, 1619-1622, is printed in full for the first time. The romantic history of the manuscript is known to scholars. Hastily prepared by some members of the company who knew that their actions as members of the company would be subject to hostile examination, it passed from England to America, and through the purchase of the library of Thomas Jefferson came into the Library of Congress. It is the transcript of a lost original, and is itself only a fragment; but as material of history its value cannot be too highly estimated. It is one of the earliest records of English colonization in America, and it is one of the earliest and fullest official records of the transactions of a trading and colonizing corporation, active at a time when such corporations were clothed with governmental functions, exercising in an imperfect manner what properly belonged to the Royal Government. Hence these experiments were doomed to failure. No monopoly could sustain them, and the very features which seemed to confer strength, the features of self-government and protected interests, proved their weakness. Whether the trade was with Muscovy, Africa, the Levant, or America, there came a time when a little competition proved the futility of granting exclusive privileges, when a diminution of profit awakened dissensions within the company, and when the King, deprived of his expected royalties, saw fit to interfere and revoke the charter.

The Virginia Company was no more successful than other like ventures; and were the Court Book for its entire existence as a company available, the peculiar as well as the general causes of its decline could be described. Fragmentary as this printed volume is, the contents are conclusive upon the crisis which led to the dissolution of the company. Any person who paid or adventured £12 10s. became a member, as did also those to whom a share had been given for services. As the membership increased, the actual management fell into the hands of a small number of the more active or influential members. Some of their acts were undoubtedly oppressive. It was difficult to control the colonists, whose lot was by no means a happy one, at so long a range, when the length and expense of a voyage prevented frequency and regularity of sailings. Differences in Virginia were carried to London, and the proper attention to settlements could not be given in a body which was too large for executive

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efficiency, and was itself shifting in composition through the irregular attendance of members. Discontent was awakened, factions formed, and the ruling influence opposed on matters where its conduct of affairs was entirely proper. What appears to be trivial in these records was at the time of great moment, showing the existence of these factions, the extent of their discontents, and the manœuvres adopted to secure a hearing and a remedy. The grievances were very real, and, cumulative in their effect, they put an end to the usefulness of the company.

As the principal product of the colony was tobacco, questions of its importation and sale in England were many and difficult. It was regarded as proper to prohibit the planting of tobacco in England and Wales, but for this favor the King's exchequer required some compensation. The manner of receiving and handling the colonial weed was satisfactory neither to the company nor to the King's customs. The hopes of introducing vines, or of establishing industries by inducing skilled labor to come from Continental Europe, were doomed to be disappointed. Spanish tobacco competed with the Virginia product. The proffered monopoly in tobacco could not be made good; and the sales of the company's product yielded uncertain returns.

Apart from its trading activity, the Virginia settlement must be constantly supplied with fresh blood and even food. The sending of ships cost money and lives. In one of the voyages of the Gift, there "dyed 14 Landsmen and three seamen as also that two children was borne at sea, & dyed, and at his there ariuall, finding the Plantaçon to be in great scarcity for want of corne, desired the company to beare wth him, if for this yeare he something neglected the planting of Tobacco, and followe the sowing of corne, where by the next yeare he hopes by the blessing of God to raise such a Cropp thereof, that the said Plantaçon shall have noe greate cause to complaine in hast of want." The public and the college lands, set apart for specific uses, must be cultivated at the expense of the company. Bad management, lax supervision, and even dishonesty, resulted in little returns. These various difficulties reacted upon the home company. As a picture of administrative problems this record can hardly be surpassed in interest.

It remains to say a word on the execution of this publication. The editor's introduction and bibliography have already been praised in these columns. To secure the essential accuracy of text, the original was first deciphered by Miss Kingsbury and independently by the manuscript division of the Library of Congress. The result warranted this care. Every detail of the text, even to erased words and letters, is reproduced so far as type can reproduce it; and the very errors of the copyists are noted. The labor involved is seen by glancing at the pages of the Court Record reproduced in facsimile. The large type, generous margins, and fine paper make a dignified volume; but these mechanical matters are of secondary importance. The real matter of moment is that so extensive an undertaking can be carried to so successful an issue by the Library of Congress, and printed as a Government publication. It marks once more the appearance of a spirit of scholarship in that institution, which, fostered and encouraged, will place it on the same plane as the British Museum, whose corps of scholars has contributed so much to our knowledge.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Privateers. By H. B. Marriott-Watson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Marriott-Watson is an expert maker of fiction. We should say there are no waste products tolerated in the conduct of his manufactory. But the other day in "A Midsummer Day's Dream" he contrived a dainty spectacle out of certain volatile gases of the fancy which a less clever man might have allowed to escape. To-day he produces "The Privateers," a toy-house of slag, not without surface glitter and iridescence, though of no substance. The plot has novelty, but its development is half-hearted. It is nothing enough, whether bloody or romantic or farcical, but a mild blend of all three. But what is sauce for one public is not sauce for all; and we do not doubt that the present compound may satisfy a profitable number of palates.

We should say, however, that Mr. Marriott-Watson has imperilled his chances in America, not by introducing some half-dozen Americans who are all villains, but by trying to make them talk United States. The result is a strange lingo, a kind of "American as she is spoke" which could have been invented only by an Englishman. The principal American and arch-villain "had been at Yale, and he knew several languages; in fine he met me [the virtuous Englishman] on my own level as a cultivated man of the world." "There's degrees of comparison, I reckon, Lieutenant, in affairs," is one remark by this cultivated person. "Fixed up" the author uses indiscriminately, whenever it seems to him that an American verb is in order. He is under the impression, further, that "top-dog" is a favorite phrase of ours, and that our present slang method of suggesting that there is an obstacle to overcome is to say: "It is up against us." The ranch, the stockyard, and the Bowery make obliging contributions to the dialect of this extraordinary speaker; nay, even the realm of cockney does not disdain to pay tribute. Here, in the tongue of Mr. Herbert Forsythe Alston, it may be suggested, is a medium of communication sufficiently versatile, eclectic, and unintelligible to deserve entry in the present admired competition of world languages.

The Second Generation. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Some five years ago a book of this title, written by James Weber Linn, was published by Macmillan; a story of unusual merit, which attracted less attention than it deserved. It embodied certain facts about American life, but it did not preach about them. Mr. Phillips's story is a tract rather than a piece of pure fiction, and the author is at small pains to conceal the machinery of his argument. He is not in the habit of expressing his opinions in measured terms. Here there is little light and shade in his sketching of persons and events, which, however, doubtless serve his purpose well enough. The present proposition is that inherited wealth is an unmitigated curse. As a corollary, persons of leisure, especially persons in "society," since they ordinarily inherit wealth, are an accursed class. To enforce this unhopeful contention, the demonstrator introduces us to a prosperous manufacturing city in the Middle West, wherein all who have inherited wealth have gone or are going to the dogs. All the younger persons involved in the story are directly committed to this dread alternative save two. One of these is shot by an aristocrat, who has become a drunkard because he has *not* inherited money (which would have been a saving fact if he had not been an aristocrat); the other marries a girl of common blood who has grown up in the expectation of a great inheritance. This girl's nature is as pliable as that of Oliver in the forest of Arden. When she is good she is very, very good, and when she is bad she wastes her desires upon pretty gowns and the degrading exercise of social observances. In the end, after much vibration, she becomes for good and all what her inventor desires her to be. Her brother, whose case is rendered particularly desperate by an experience in the best set at Harvard, is similarly amenable to treatment. Harvard turns him out a fop and a cad, but Mr. Phillips, by depriving him of his looked-for inheritance, sets him to work with his hands, and succeeds in making a man of him. He is promptly jilted by a mercenary sweetheart, and after sufficiently insulting his father's memory, and throwing away a paltry legacy of $5,000 in a vain attempt to break the father's will, he falls in love with a moderately poor and immoderately honest girl, and becomes one of nature's noblemen. There is quite enough importance in the tendency which Mr. Phillips has in mind to make one wish that he might have painted it as tendency rather than as inevitable fact. He has written a forcible tract, however, and this is what we suppose he intended.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In 1882, the Virginia Historical Society purchased a little pamphlet dated 1716, by Sir Thomas Grantham, relating in considerable part to Bacon's Rebellion, in Virginia. It was supposed at the time to be unique; and it was of such interest and importance that a reprint, called a facsimile but evidently, owing to exigencies of type, not an accurate type reprint, was issued, by permission of the society. R. A. Brock, the secretary of the society, supplied an introduction. So far as we can trace, no other copy of the book has come upon the market until a few weeks ago a copy, with a title of quite different wording and dated 1714, turned up. The full title of this 1714 edition is as follows:

An | Historical | Account | Of Some | Memorable Actions, | Perform'd | For the Service of his Prince | and Countrey, | By Sr Thomas Grantham, Kt. | [Quotation. 3 lines]. | London: | Printed for J. Roberts, near the Oxford-Arms | in Warwick-Lane. 1714. |

The title of the Virginia Historical Society copy, as in the reprint and as transcribed by Sabin, is as follows:

An Historical | Account | Of Some | Memorable Actions, | Particularly in Virgin-

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ia; | Also | Against the Admiral of Algier, | and in the East Indies: | Perform'd for the Service of his | Prince and Country, | By | Sr Thomas Grantham, Kt | [Quotation, 3 lines]. | London: | Printed for J. Roberts, near the Oxford-Arms | in Warwick-Lane. MDCCXVI. |

The two editions seem to be identical, except for the title-page, and it is probable that the new title was made by some enterprising printer or bookseller in order to accelerate the sale of the pamphlet. There is no doubt that the second title containing in large type the words "Particularly in Virginia," is much the more attractive. The newly discovered 1714 edition and the reprint of the 1716 edition are page for page; and the text is, with a few exceptions, line for line. The headings of various documents, printed in italics, are not line for line. The title leaf of the 1714 edition is the first leaf of the signature and the paper is continuous with its follower A4, thus showing that this is the original title. The latest date of any document printed in the book is July 10, 1711. The probability is that the book in either form had practically no sale, most of the copies being very likely disposed of as old paper.

On Monday, January 28, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city offers at auction a private library, containing some first editions of American authors, mostly in full or half binding or calf or morocco. Among the writers are Bret Harte, John Hay, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Poe, and Whittier. Among other books, Herndon's "Lincoln, the true Story of a Great Life," three volumes, the original issue which was suppressed, is perhaps the most notable.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London will hold in the early spring an auction of "a small but choice collection formed within recent years by a member of the New York Stock Exchange." Some of the books, notably a first folio of Shakespeare, are from the Rowfant Library. There are several early Shakespeare quartos, including "The Merchant of Venice," 1637, which brought $1,300 at Anderson's auction rooms in this city last May, and "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600, which brought £480 at Sotheby's a year ago. There is a copy of Sidney's "Arcadia," 1590, which sold for £450 at Sotheby's in 1905. The library also contains a fine example of the first "Kilmarnock" Burns.

Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi Roterodami denvo recognitvm et avctvm per P. S. Allen, M. A., e Coll. Corporis Christi. Tom. I., 1484-1514. New York: Henry Frowde. $5.75.

More than two centuries have elapsed, or more than half the period following the death of Erasmus, since his correspondence was published in the completest collection then possible, as volume iii. of John Le Clerc's folio Leyden edition of the "Opera Omnia" in 1703. Many scholars in many lands have felt impelled to the task achieved by Mr. Allen, and he has greatly profited by the communication of their interrupted enterprises, as well as by the ungrudging assistance of scholars and archivists. By good fortune, a fellow-Oxonian, Francis Morgan Nichols, of Wadham College, working on parallel lines, has published two noble volumes of "The Epistles of Erasmus," selectively translated, critically set in order, and carried down to 1517, with a third volume well assured. Mr. Nichols, in his first volume, has made his acknowledgments to Percy Stafford Allen of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and now Professor in the Government College at Lahore, and foreshadows the appearance of the present "Opus Epistolarum." Mr. Allen, on his part, tells of his enormous labor having "occupied my leisure for the last thirteen years," and been carried on "under the gloom of Indian summers and in high valleys in Kashmir." Mr. Nichols's anticipatory publication is referred to (preface, p. v.), with counter acknowledgments of his having "given me the full benefit of his ripe judgment and detailed study of the ground in which I have been allowed to glean after him."

This spectacle, of two Oxford men harmoniously working together to ends so creditable to their University, is heightened by the fact that their zeal might rather have been looked for in the sister University of Cambridge, seeing that Erasmus's stay in Oxford (at St. Mary's College, in 1499) was of the briefest. On the other hand, Mr. Allen may have found an incentive in the fact that, after the founding of Corpus Christi by Richard Foxe, one of Erasmus's correspondents, the latter manifested great interest in what was intended to be "the seat of the new learning." We must add that the amicable coöperation described above has been consistent with entire scholarly independence, as manifested by the later comer. Thus, Mr. Allen splits in two the letters numbered 119 and 128, to James Batt, though Mr. Nichols defends their conjunction; *per contra*, he replaces at the head of the letter (254) to Thomas Halsey sentences which Mr. Nichols had clapped on the end of another. Again, they differ as to the date of letter 193, to Christopher Urswick; while a corresponding disagreement in the case of letter 81, to William Herman, leads Mr. Allen to question Mr. Nichols's inferences as to persons therein alluded to. For a final example, doubts about the attribution to Erasmus determine Mr. Allen to relegate to the appendix letters admitted by Mr. Nichols to full standing in the regular series.

The amount of Erasmian correspondence available since Le Clerc's gleanings has not been so considerable as might be thought, and leaves a vista for still further discovery. In Mr. Allen's table of the letters to date of his volume i., there are but twenty-seven pieces not included in the Leyden edition; only four are here published for the first time, whereof only three proceed from Erasmus's pen. Of these last, one is a mere fragment, bearing the probable date of 1489, and written from Steyn to that indefatigable author, Cornelius Gerard of Gouda, exhorting him to perfection of style in matter worthy of posterity. Another, derived from the Gouda find of MSS., and addressed to John Colet (Oxford, 1499), supplements by three times its length that opening of the "Disputatiuncula" which Le Clerc published in 1703. It is a labored reinforcement of the argument which had failed to convince Colet in the dispute over the proper interpretation of Christ's shrinking from death, instead of seeking it with alacrity. The third letter, much the longest of the three, is in response to Colet's rejoinder, and is a capital example of Erasmus's mode of reasoning. One proposition of his, which no longer cuts a figure in the theological wrangling of the present day, is that Christ, as man, must have died some time, and not necessarily from violence. Not a few minds might now be almost as much shocked by this thought as by the theory suggested by a diplomat at The Hague in the Revolutionary epoch, viz., that, in view of the imperfections of this world, God must have died before completing his work. The interest of the debate over "Let this cup pass" is made more piquant by the fact that Colet advances the authority of Jerome, Erasmus's great teacher, and is parried by the contention that this saint's exegesis was a solitary utterance in his writings, while Augustine and other equal lights hold to the common-sense view of the meaning of Christ's simple language. Among the letters discovered and published by other scholars, notably M. de Nolhac, since Le Clerc, it will suffice to mention Erasmus's first to Aldus Manutius, the earliest known example of his handwriting, two other examples of which, by the way, are among the plates inserted in the text.

The period covered by Mr. Allen's first volume is overstepped, as in the Leyden edition, by prefixing to the correspondence Erasmus's account of his literary beginnings and self-discipline, and detailed list of his writings, addressed to John Botzheim and commonly referred to as the "Catalogue of Lucubrations," of date January 30, 1523. This invaluable list, so far as it is available for biographical purposes, the chief end of Mr. Nichols's undertaking, he chronologically introduces piecemeal in translation (*e. g.*, I., 227). Next comes the "Compendium Vitæ;" which Mr. Nichols translates in full (I., 5), and which cannot antedate 1516; and, finally, the letter from Beatus Rhenanus to Charles V. of June 1, 1540. It is gratifying to find that the genuineness of the disputed "Compendium," as well as of the letter to Servatius Rogerus of July 8, 1514, is maintained by both our Oxford editors; by Mr. Allen with a shade more of positiveness. The latter's apparatus is as follows: Each letter is introduced by a more or less particular description of it as a document and with reference to its proper place in the series—in the sum affording a disconnected view of Erasmus's goings and comings and doings; and, in the case of first mention, a summary sketch of the correspondent, either writing or addressed. The pains bestowed on these elucidations, rich in bibliographical guide-posts, it would not be easy to over-praise; nor will the future biographer of Erasmus ever speak except gratefully of this blazing of his path. The footnotes exhibit the same scholarly temper and patience. They are the repository of variant readings; they identify persons imperfectly indicated in the text, and trace their biographies—the more carefully the more obscure the subject; they endeavor to fix dates and events; they track to their source classical and other allusions and quotations; they take notice of such minor matters as, in Erasmus's letters to Batt, of his frequent use of the phrase *fato tuo*, with a "lucky-dog" connotation. Together, the introductions and notes afford an agreeable browsing-

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ground, not only for Erasmians, but for any one of scholarly proclivities interested in the period. Equally readable and informing are the appendices dealing with the broader topics of authenticity, with several of Erasmus's correspondents, the principal editions of the "Epistolæ," the Deventer letter-book, and the Gouda MSS.

The above apparatus speaks to the eye, and may be estimated for the editor's industry by him who runs. The labor bestowed upon the text, resulting inevitably in one just like no other, lurks out of sight and can be weighed only on reflection. For letters published in Erasmus's lifetime, the text of the London edition of 1642 after Froben's of 1538 and 1541 has been scrupulously compared with the earliest authorized. For the orthography, Mr. Allen conforms faithfully to the earliest original source, except where depravations are manifestly to be corrected; the punctuation, on the other hand, has been freely improved. For facility of reference in footnotes and otherwise, the text is numbered for every five lines. A temporary index of correspondents and some biographical notices, supplied on a loose leaf, will be superseded by a full one in the second volume.

To expatiate further were easy, but our readers can readily dispense with it. The fortunate possessors of Mr. Nichols's two volumes will not rest content without Mr. Allen's, which enables one to test the fidelity and closeness of his coadjutor's homely idiomatic version, as well as to ascertain the *ipsissima verba* in any given instance. All libraries will require, as all experts will laud, both these monumental publications.

Historical Bases of Religion, Primitive, Babylonian, and Jewish. By H. C. Brown. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. $1.50.

This book is an example of the dangers that beset the non-specialist in dealing with large questions. The author has consulted a number of excellent books, and much that he says is correct, particularly in his account of the later phases of Judaism, from the prophets onward. But throughout the volume the wrong is so mingled with the right, and there is such a distortion (doubtless unintentional) of the history, that the general reader may often get an impression not in accordance with the facts. Mr. Brown's tone is one of assurance and finality—he is certain of many things as to which the best authorities are in doubt. He knows not only that the Babylonian civilization is earlier than the Egyptian, but that its records go back about 8,500 years, and that well-developed states, enjoying a civilized life that far outranks that of many so-called civilized countries of the present day, were in existence more than ten thousand years ago (p. 50). He is able to describe the furniture of a Babylonian temple (p. 102f.) with a minuteness not found in the records, and to assert (p. 213) that Babylonia for a period of more than five thousand years existed as a homogeneous people, contented and happy under a system of government and religion practically unchanged. As to the origin of the Essenes, a question that still vexes scholars, he has no misgivings—he states as an historical fact that their practices were derived from Buddhism.

In addition to these exaggerations and discolorations the book has misstatements of important points. The language of pre-Israelite Canaan was not Babylonian (p. 79)—the contrary is shown by the Amarna letters. That the monotheistic ideas of Judaism were "derived from the religion of Zoroaster" (p. 173) is a statement that no judicious critic would now make. The idea that the Semitic divine names Bel, El, Baal, and Al are all "slight variations of the same word" (p. 166) will be a surprise to Semitic scholars. Still more remarkable is the announcement (p. 31) that the name of the deity of the Israelitish nation was lost and for it "the name Jehovah (the strong one) was substituted"; and so with the Arabian deity "to whom the name Allah (the mighty one) was given." Passing over the hitherto unheard-of explanation of the meaning of "Jehovah," it is strange that the author never heard of the name Yahweh, and that he is not aware that our word Jehovah is the ignorant miswriting of a friar of the sixteenth century of our era; as for "Allah," it was the current name for the deity in Arabia in Mohammed's time. Such slips weaken one's confidence in the author's general trustworthiness. It must be added that he is concerned to show that the old Hebrew religion was derived, on its better side, wholly from the Babylonian. It is generally agreed that the Babylonian influence on the Hebrews was great; but a proper estimate of Hebraism and Judaism calls for wider knowledge and a calmer and more judicial attitude than are to be found in this volume.

The Practice of Diplomacy. As Illustrated in the Foreign Relations of the United States. By John W. Foster. Boston; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3 net.

This is a pleasing, sensible, and useful book. It is not so much a formal and comprehensive treatise, as a sort of running comment on the history of American diplomacy, bringing out its guiding principles and its technique, and giving an abundance of those best of all definitions—examples. Throughout, a high note of national obligations in international relations is maintained; and while Mr. Foster is careful to give both sides of several of our famous diplomatic controversies—as in the Barrundia case, for instance, and the fur seal dispute—he makes it clear that his own leaning is to justice rather than cleverness, and to sound precedent more than novelties invented *ad hoc*. In dealing with the artificial distinctions of diplomatic rank, Mr. Foster displays great common sense, as well as an American love of equality; and we could wish that his plea for absolute impartiality in the treatment of national representatives, however designated, as of nations themselves, might prevail. In what he says of the unexpended and legitimately unexpendable balance of the indemnity extorted from China by the United States in common with other countries, he points out an imperative duty of Congress. It should vote to pay back the money, with as zealous a care for "the honor of the United States" as it showed in returning to Mexico the award fraudulently obtained under the Weil and La Abra claim.

If one were to pick flaws at all, it would be in regard to some of the references to European practice and personalities. To illustrate the point that irregular appointments often produce good diplomats, Mr. Foster speaks of three Englishmen—Lords Dufferin, Pauncefote, and Cromer—who were not "trained for the diplomatic service," yet who were "the three most prominent and efficient diplomatic representatives of the British Government during the last quarter of the nineteenth century." We think that Lord Odo Russell or Sir Robert Morier would rank above either Dufferin or Pauncefote, while Cromer's great work has been rather administrative than diplomatic. Mr. Foster alludes to Bismarck's efforts to displace French as the language of diplomacy. He boasted that he would find a way of making a German note understood in Paris. The story is told that he also thought to make it understood in St. Petersburg, but that when he got his answer in Russian, he threw up his hands and fell back upon the hated but necessary French.

Lew Wallace: An Autobiography. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Bros. $5 net.

The autobiography of Lew Wallace will not, we think, add much to its author's literary reputation; for while it is, as a whole, entertaining, there is a diffuseness, an over-elaboration of small points, and a too frequent triviality which suggest lack of proper editorial revision. The autobiography proper ends with the summer of 1864; the story from that point, largely in the form of letters, is carried on by Mrs. Wallace.

Literary merit aside, the value of these volumes as a contribution to American history is not inconsiderable. The life of Wallace was more than ordinarily full of variety, incident, and distinction. Born in Indiana in 1827, he grew to manhood in the central West at a time when the West, as a distinct factor in political and economic life, was coming to prominence by leaps and bounds; and the chapters devoted to an account of the everyday happenings of these early years throw much incidental light on a place and period of whose development we yet know little. When the Mexican war came on, Wallace enlisted as a volunteer and served under Taylor, though seeing little actual fighting. He gained, however, useful military experience. Returning from Mexico, he was admitted to the bar; cultivated a wide acquaintance, including Lincoln, of whose personal appearance and story-telling powers he gives an entertaining description; heard one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and worked painstakingly at his first novel, "The Fair God."

The civil war was his great opportunity. He took charge of the enlistment and organization of the Indiana volunteers, was made colonel of one of the new regiments, pushed his way to prominence as an aggressive and resourceful commander, and in due time joined Grant in the West as a brigadier-general. He took part in the capture of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and in the battle of Shiloh. The autobiography goes much into detail regarding these several operations, both as to the movements as a whole and as to Wallace's own share in them. We must leave to military critics the final judgment upon his course at Shiloh, merely noting that his

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own side of the case is here elaborately set forth. Wallace fell out of favor, however, and was withdrawn for a time from active service. An acute controversy with Halleck, his superior officer, did not help matters; and his account of the affair shows how deep and lasting was the contempt which he felt for the man whom he believed to have wronged him. He later rendered good service in defending Cincinnati, administered sagaciously the affairs of the military district in which Baltimore was situated, and played a prominent part in the defeat of Early's attempted raid on Washington.

Following the close of hostilities, Wallace served as a member of the commission which tried the assailants of Lincoln, and of that which convicted the notorious Wirz. Later he was governor of New Mexico, and then minister to Turkey. In the meantime, the publication of "The Fair God," whose inception in his early years is here interestingly described, had won for him a remarkable literary reputation, immensely increased by the extraordinary success of "Ben Hur."

The autobiography must be pronounced satisfactory in this, that it accounts pretty fully for Wallace's success in public life. He was beyond question a born leader of men, intrepid, dashing, resourceful. He had boundless energy and untiring industry. To these qualities he added a keen eye for the main chance, and a singular adroitness in availing himself of opportunities. The animosities of his military career, and the criticism to which as commander he was particularly subjected, appear to have been due in considerable measure to his frankness in speaking and acting, and to his confidence in his own judgment. For the remarkable popularity of his books these volumes fail to offer any adequate explanation.

Jamaica. Painted by A. S. Forrest, described by John Henderson. London: Adam & Charles Black. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

In this volume, which appears just when the Kingston earthquake has brought Jamaica to a conspicuous place in the world's news, two Englishmen have set forth, one with pen, the other with pencil, their impressions as travellers in that island. More than this the book scarcely pretends to do. It consists for the most part of lively descriptions of phases of West Indian life; "The Philosophy of a Jamaican Gamin," "A Jamaican Court House," "The Dandy and the Coquette," "Alligator Shooting in a West Indian Swamp," are typical chapter headings. Mr. Henderson emphasizes throughout the resemblance of Jamaica to America rather than to England. Of now ruined Kingston he observes:

> If the place resembles any well-known capital it must be New York; but a New York built by children in doll's-house style and painted green and white. In the manner of New York the streets stretch to the wharves and quays of the giant harbor, and electric tram-cars clang along the busy roads by day and night. Electric poles stick up along the roadway in blatant disregard of the finer feelings of romantic tourists.

The book, and especially the bright colored pictures, will satisfy the average reader's wish for a popular account of life as it was lived in the community now suffering under such a calamity. Of more permanent interest, possibly, are the chapters describing the relations between the races, and the mixed hostility and mutual understanding of the white and black regiments. In one chapter the author quotes the views of an intelligent negro on ultimate independence for Jamaica. This man, who had travelled in England and on the Continent, being asked what would become of the half-breeds in a government controlled chiefly by the negroes, replied ingeniously, "They would be our Irish."

Drama.

SUDERMANN'S "JOHANNES."

Biblical subjects, for obvious reasons, have always been dear to the heart of the theatre-manager, and the chance of producing a scandalous sensation under cover of a great New Testament name is too good to be lost. It is to be regretted that two performers who have done so much creditable work as Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern should have been tempted by the notoriety of the theme to produce Mary Harned's adaptation of Sudermann's "Johannes," a piece which on the Scriptural or pseudo-historical side has very little actual artistic value, while one of its chief motives, the Salome legend, is altogether abominable. The play is called "John the Baptist," and purports to deal with all the prophet's public life; showing him in the wilderness, proclaiming the coming Messiah, in the streets of Jerusalem debating with the Pharisees, in the palace denouncing Herodias, in prison spurning the odious solicitations of Salome, and in the hands of the executioner. It is in the scenes with which Sudermann has tried to supplement the brief Biblical record that the interest of the play collapses. John is represented as being in constant doubt as to the significance of his own inspiration and as mystified by such fragments of Christ's teaching—in the Sermon on the Mount, for instance—as he can collect from the lips of stray Galilean peasants. The command to love your enemies works such an upheaval in him that, instead of throwing a stone at the guilty Herod, and thus giving the signal for a general attack, he falls at the monarch's feet. His vacillating mood drives his disciples from him, and he is practically deserted when he is thrust into prison.

Whatever plausibility there may be in these spiritual distractions of the prophet, there can be no doubt that their result is to render him a less virile and picturesque figure for theatrical purposes. At all events, Mr. Sothern failed to endow him with the fanatical fire, grandeur of spirit, or majesty of pose becoming a prophet with such a message. He had dignity and some righteous passion, but he did not glow with the heat of a divine and consuming zeal. In his scenes with Salome he bore himself rightly, at first with indifference, then with angry scorn; but no skill could interpret satisfactorily scenes in their very essence unnatural and repulsive. Wholly apart from the gross improbability of a delicate young princess, almost a child, such as Salome is represented to be, conceiving a passion for a man of so rough and wild an aspect, there is the radical absurdity of the conditions under which they meet—conditions which could never occur in the East. Similar objections would lie against the whole play, which rarely makes any concessions to Oriental customs, except in the matter of attire. Miss Marlowe, in her acting of Salome, a part for which she is not now suited, seemed to be constantly trying to mitigate the unpleasantness of it by emphasizing its juvenility. She portrayed a petulant, childish coquette. This view, of course, was utterly incompatible with an adult passion which could drive a princess to such extremes. All the details indeed of this love episode are as preposterous as the original conception is vile. But it is to be noted that the play follows the Biblical story with regard to Herodias and does not permit Salome to sport with the Baptist's head. With Salome out, the play would be but a dull affair. She is the chief excuse for the representation, and a very bad one.

The cause of the American drama is not much advanced by the composition and production of such pieces as "Salomy Jane," which was greeted with much boisterous approval in the Liberty Theatre, on Saturday evening. Paul Armstrong, the adapter, or rather joiner, has selected his rough material from "Salomy Jane's Kiss" and other tales of Bret Harte and dovetailed them, after a fashion, into a melodrama, well stuffed with sensational episodes, but rickety in structure, incoherent in substance, and no more a reflection of real life in California, or anywhere else, than are the distorted figures in a comic mirror. Bret Harte, with the genius of a true romancer, clothed many gross realities with a glamour of beauty, nobility, or pathos, diverting attention from patent anomalies by some subtle and often disingenuous appeal to that common human sentiment which is ready to applaud the attribution of the noblest virtues to the most unlikely possessor of them. The publication of Mr. Harte's earlier stories was followed by a perfect epidemic of frontier plays in which homicidal adventurers, hard and rough as the rocks amid which they labored and fought, melted suddenly with exquisite tenderness, while audacious hoydens, heedless of virtue or morals, proved themselves angels of grace and goodness. Of late the far Western play has again been coming into fashion, and doubtless there is a wide field for the dramatist in the primitive life upon the borders of civilization. But little is to be gained by working anew the exhausted vein of Mr. Harte's fancy, and reviving the personages, vital, indeed, in his pages, but on the stage stale, flat, and unprofitable. Moreover, Mr. Armstrong has furnished in his Col. Starbottle, Yuba Bill, Jack Marbury, Larrabee, Red Pete, and the rest of them, feeble copies of their prototypes. The fact is that these imaginary creatures necessarily lose their verisimilitude when stripped of their literary adornment, and exposed in their naked personality before the footlights. The success attained by the present performance will be due to the admirable acting of Reuben Fox, the capable work of H. G. Warner, Ralph Delmore, Holbrook Blinn, Stephen Wright, Ade Dwyer, and Eleanor Robson. The forest

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scenery is superb. In fact, the setting is worthy of a masterpiece.

The death is announced in London of a once popular English actress, Miss Hudspeth, better known in this country as Mrs. Edmund Phelps. She will be remembered for her finished performances of old women in some of Charles Wyndham's productions. She was born sixty-seven years ago, and first appeared in London in 1859. She supported John Drew, the elder, in "Handy Andy." Later she joined the Drury Lane Company, and for many years was one of the chief attractions of the annual pantomime, in which she was associated with the Vokes family, Kate Santley, Paul Herring, and Brittain Wright; she was also in the original cast of "Eileen Oge"—next to "The Peep o' Day" Edmund Falconer's most successful play.

Sarah Bernhardt is to play the part of Mephistopheles in a new version of "Faust," being prepared by Henry Bataille.

Music.

RICHARD STRAUSS'S "SALOME."

The most sensational event of the musical season was the production, at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday evening, of Richard Strauss's "Salome," a work which has been more talked and written about than any other opera since the first production of "Parsifal" in 1882, with the exception of "Cavalleria Rusticana." And as in the case of Mascagni, so in that of Strauss, the libretto had more to do with the success of the opera than the music. It is an old story that to insure an enormous vogue for a work of art or a book, nothing more is needed than that some responsible censor should forbid it on moral or religious grounds. "Salome" was thus forbidden both in Vienna and in Berlin. Dresden, however, came to the rescue; "Salome" was produced at the Royal Opera on December 8, 1905, and made a great stir. Since then, thirty other opera houses (including the Scala of Milan) have produced it, and even the Kaiser found it advisable to relent, so that Berlin, too, heard the opera on December 5, 1906, on which occasion the house could have been sold out twenty times, and $25 was paid to speculators for single seats.

Music itself is neither moral nor immoral, though it may be so bad as to provoke murderous or suicidal reflections. There are pages in Strauss's score that come perilously near that condition, but they were not the cause of offence in the eyes of the censors. That lay in the libretto, the notorious "Salome" of Oscar Wilde, concerning the premeditated nastiness of which there can be no two opinions. It is bad enough for composers to glorify in music the adventures and feelings of such depraved creatures as Manon Lescaut, and Violetta (in "La Traviata"); but when a diseased imagination conceives a character like Salome, which can be fully comprehended only after a study of the psychopathological works of Krafft-Ebing, and a musician makes her the heroine of an opera, it is time to call a halt, and protest that the stage is not a sanitarium. Such subjects are proper for medical, not for musical, treatment. It cannot be denied that there is some genuine poetry in the libretto, and that the scene of the one-act opera, with the central cistern whence issues the voice of the captive prophet, with the picturesque Oriental surroundings, is operatically most effective; but this merely aggravates the offence.

Perhaps it is wrong to call this performance an opera. Strauss's admirers prefer to name it "an orchestral tone-painting, accompanied by a dramatic action on the stage." That phrase, we must grant, describes it very well. The artists on the stage are important as histrionic figures; but their contributions to the entertainment as singers are quite insignificant, with the exception of one or two passages by Salome and a few of the utterances of the prophet in the cistern. One could not help feeling sorry for Mr. Conried's excellent artists—Fremstad, Weed, Burrian, Dippel, Van Rooy, Reiss, Mühlmann, Dufriche, Blass—for having to grope their way through a jungle of orchestral cacophonies with hardly a strain of true melody to offer as a healing balm for the ears of the listeners.

The weakness of Strauss's melodic sense explains his method. Not having any real melodies to offer, he does all sorts of eccentric things to hide his weakness. He demands an orchestra of at least 106 players; he uses new or unusual instruments, like the heckelphone and celesta; and he goes to unprecedented extremes in subdividing the string instruments and giving each little group a part of its own to play. In the love duet of "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner divides the strings into sixteen parts; Strauss goes him four better, and thus makes an "advance upon Wagner"! He shows extreme subtlety and cleverness in combining the various leading motives, making them suggest and recall events and scenes, quite in the Wagnerian way. But there is an enormous difference: Wagner's leading motives are pregnant themes, easily remembered because of their striking melodies or appropriate harmonies, whereas Strauss has nothing to offer but insignificant themes—nay, themelets—so commonplace and unindividual that it is extremely difficult to recognize them. In a word, in the orchestral as in the vocal parts, the fatal defect of Strauss's opera is a lack of melody.

Students will find much to admire in the ingenious mathematical subtleties of the printed score. Their labors may be facilitated by a perusal of the "Guide to Salome," by Lawrence Gilman, just issued by John Lane; a little book of eighty-five pages, thirty of which are devoted to an analysis of the music, with illustrations in musical type of the twenty leading motives the writer has found in the score.

Fate sometimes has its strokes of justice as well as its irony. In May, 1890, there burst upon the world a one-act opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," by Pietro Mascagni, which was hailed all over Europe and America as the beginning of a new school, and its composer in a few months was rich and famous. Six years earlier the Scala in Milan had produced an opera, "Le Villi," which strikingly anticipated the chief peculiarities of the "Mascagni school"; but as the opera was not a success, its composer, Giacomo Puccini, remained unknown. Apparently without realizing that he had been cheated out of his birthright, he kept on writing other operas, among them "La Bohême," "Tosca," and "Madama Butterfly," and one day he awoke to find himself famous too—first in England, then in Italy, and then in America. He arrived in New York on January 18, just in time to attend the first performance ever given at the Metropolitan of his "Manon Lescaut," which is to be followed, while he is here, by the other three operas named, making a Puccini cycle. "Manon Lescaut" had been sung once before in the metropolis (1898), but by a strolling company, which could not do it justice. To descant on the libretto, which is based on the rambling story of the Abbé Prévost, or to compare the opera as a whole with Massenet's on the same subject, would be futile. With Caruso as the Chevalier des Grieux, the opera will attract crowds; without him it will be sung to empty benches so far as they are not covered by subscription. Puccini's theatrical instinct is no doubt revealed in this opera, as in its successors, but apart from its technical cleverness, and a few numbers like the madrigal and the minuet of the second act, which are true rococo, and some admirable pages of orchestral coloring and mood painting, there is little to praise in the score. Its fatal defect is a lack of melodic individuality. Puccini knows how to write most effectively for the human voice (to that he owes most of his success); but as a melodist he will never rank with Rossini and Verdi, or even with Donizetti and Bellini.

The Philharmonic Concerts in this city Friday afternoon and Saturday evening will exhibit Safonoff as interpreter of Brahms, Grieg, and Glinka. The third Brahms symphony has been chosen for the opening number, and Glinka's overture to his "Russlan and Ludmilla," one of the most popular of Russian operas. Hugo Heermann, the German violinist, will play the Beethoven concerto. There will also be an interesting novelty—the Lyric Suite of Grieg. This suite is an orchestral version of four of the six short pianoforte pieces published under the opus number 54.

No pianist now before the public has more of the much-coveted quality called temperament than Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler. She will give a recital at Carnegie Hall next Saturday afternoon, at which she will play Beethoven's sonata op. 31, No. 2, the Schubert-Liszt "Erlking," a scherzo, an étude, a valse, and a polonaise by Chopin, a concert étude by Liszt, and short pieces by Poldini, Moszkowski, Rachmaninoff, and arabesques on the "Blue Danube" waltz.

There is a growing demand in Germany for the songs and the pianoforte pieces of the American, Edward MacDowell. To meet this in part, Breitkopf & Härtel of Leipsic have just brought out a new edition of the famous "Eight Songs," with German as well as English words.

Art.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

Given nearly five hundred framed paint-

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ings of widely varying size to hang on the walls, and about one-fourth as many pieces of sculpture to place advantageously, the hanging committee for the current exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts seems for the most part to have performed well its arduous and thankless task. Examples there are of the individual sacrificed for the good of the whole, as perforce must always be the case in the cramped quarters of this ancient and honorable institution, which this year holds its one hundred and second annual exhibition. The corridors and rotunda, for example, instead of being simple and dignified, as befits an approach, present a somewhat jumbled appearance. Here are assembled, with no great regard for relative proportions, statuettes, low reliefs, busts, full-length life-size figures of man and beast—indeed almost everything that would lend itself to the plastic art, not to mention sundry things that do not. St. Gaudens, Lopez, Tonetti, Konti, Grafly, Roth, McKenzie, McNeil, Pratt, Bitter, Hartley, Brooks, and Paul Nocquet, not to prolong the distinguished list, are represented by from one to twenty examples apiece, which for the most part would lend dignity and beauty to the art of any country. Thus emphasis is once more, and from the sculptor's point of view, given to the importance of more adequate and better lighted exhibition galleries in Philadelphia, whose needs in this respect are only less pressing than those of New York city.

Unlike the passing displays of the National Academy of Design and the past displays of the Society of American Artists in New York, the show in Philadelphia is not made up of what may be justly called the current art of the year, but, wisely or unwisely, includes much already familiar material, which makes for a higher artistic average, if less for freshness. Not that the latter quality is wanting here—on the contrary, the last word in smartness by the younger and more impetuous painters emphasizes the works of the elder workers alongside them. Among the contributors, about two hundred and fifty in all, there are many new names; and on the other hand, not a few familiar names are missing.

Passing into gallery F, the largest in the building, one is possessed by the spirit of serenity brooding over the place, to which Whistler's full-length figure of Count Robert possibly gives the keynote, if that be not too loud a term to apply to this canvas which the dead painter has invested with all his subtle charm, a charm which finds echo in three other valued smaller canvases farther along, by the same hand. At the same end of this gallery, too, one has come to look each year for something from the hand of John Sargent, who has this time a portrait of the Rev. Endicott Peabody, done, perhaps with a nice regard for the cloth, in an unusual spirit of sobriety and delicacy which Sargent's numerous followers may well take note of. Frank W. Benson with a fresh, wholesome portrait of a child, Philip L. Hale with a full-length life-size female figure in which is no trace of the sensuous, Louis Loeb with the dainty head of a beautiful young girl, two characteristic canvases by John Alexander, a brilliant Matador by Robert Henri, a clever but unpleasant characterization of Chevalier by John Lambert, two of Miss Cassatt's most able canvases, a graciously feminine portrait by William W. Churchill, a picture portrait by Sergeant Kendall, and a seated figure in blue by Cecelia Beaux, indicate, but do not exhaust, the list of worthy portraits in the room.

In the same gallery are brilliant still life, by Cadwallader Washburn and William M. Chase (who has disposed about the building several portraits of varying excellence), two graphic figure groups, instinct with life, by William J. Glackens, and a joyous Tea Party by Marion Powers. Here also is a powerful marine by Homer, one of jewel-like quality by Ryder, a choice interior by Walter Gay, and an interior with figure by Frederick Frieseke, which should not be overlooked. Of landscapes in this gallery there are few, those by W. E. Schofield, Ernest Lawson, W. Granville Smith, Edouard Steichten, Leonard Ochtman, and Charles Rosen being among the best.

An adjoining smaller gallery is largely given over to works of impressionistic tendencies, amid which the two large, vigorous, and virile canvases by Edward W. Redfield seem a trifle misplaced. Here are numerous brilliant contributions, new and old, by Childe Hassam, Willard Metcalf, Robert Reid, John H. Twachtman, J. Alden Weir, and Charles Hopkinson, who, along with a few other faithful if less well-known painters of light, uphold the traditions and advance new theories of the cult.

Gari Melchers has a gallery quite to himself, where, insulated and isolated, the various phases of his art may be studied freely. Portraits, "types," a landscape or two, and even a large Last Supper, together present a dignified appearance, and one of much harmony, albeit a trifle sombre contrasted with the brilliant work of the luminists next door.

A somewhat ineffective effort at insulation has been made, though just why, one can only half-surmise, with gallery J. Here, besides the three fine smaller Whistlers already adverted to, hang Thomas W. Dewing's delicious Lady with Lute, a vigorous young woman by Robert Henri, a portrait group by William M. Chase, two landscapes sounding a new note, by Joseph B. Davol, and a group of three splendidly impressive landscapes by Elliott Daingerfield.

Strolling through other galleries and corridors, which seem less well lighted, one is attracted by such serious and well-painted productions as H. O. Tanner's Two Disciples (one of the most thoughtful works here), John Sloan's Kent, Kenyon Cox's Portrait of Maxfield Parrish, the two little canvases by Jerome Meyers, a portrait by J. J. Shannon, a Florida scene by Joseph Woodwell, and Mr. La Farge's Visit of Nicodemus to Christ—one of that artist's most dignified productions. Nor should the excellent portraits by J. McClure Hamilton, Irving Wiles, and Thomas Anshutz be overlooked, as in the remote gallery where they are placed they are likely to be.

In conclusion it may be said that, unlike most exhibitions in America, figures and not landscapes dominate the Pennsylvania Academy's show this year. The larger part of these are portraits, more individual than usual in their tendencies, and one's first and last optical impression is of tall single figure portrait panels at frequent intervals, sometimes a seeming intrusion, and at others lending dignity to the galleries.

BEN FOSTER.

Two books of drawings are disappointing for different reasons. The "Drawings of Gainsborough," in the Newnes-Scribner Series of Drawings of the Great Masters disappoints from the slightness of the drawings themselves, few of them being more than hasty scrawls or possessing any quality sufficient to justify the praise lavished upon them by Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower in his introduction. The best of them had already been reproduced in Armstrong's great book on the artist, and two or three of these have great charm.

"The Drawings of J. F. Millet" (Lippincott) is a much more sumptuous and elaborate publication, in a limited edition. Here the disappointment is in the selection. There are some very fine drawings, as there could not well help being, among the fifty chosen; but somehow the collection fails to show the noble qualities of the artist at their highest—or so it seems to one who remembers this or that masterpiece in chalk not here included. Now and then there is an obvious blunder in the title given, as in the so-called "Sheaf-binders," who are gathering faggots, and in the "Peasant Woman Cleaning Out a Trough," who is chopping straw. It is still considered obligatory that a book should have a text, and so this one has an "Introductory Essay" by Léona Bénédite. It is well enough, but really little to the purpose. If a competent technical study of the merits of Millet's drawing, as drawing, was unattainable, why not omit the text altogether and publish a portfolio? But enough of fault-finding. Fifty drawings by Millet are fifty drawings by Millet; and to have them thoroughly well reproduced, as these are, is to have something well worth more than the price asked, if one has the money to spend.

Francesco Malguzzi Valeri's little handbook of drawings in the Brera, "I Disegni nella R. Pinacoteca di Brera" (Milano: Alfieri & Lacroix), may be cordially recommended. Ninety-four drawings are reproduced in the original colors by the half-tone process, and brief editorial notes give all necessary indications as to provenience and bibliography. Many of the sheets are from Morelli's collection, being lent to the gallery by his executor, Dr. Frizzoni. In the matter of attributions the editor takes a sensibly modest course—the mark of interrogation abounds. The brochure is of pocket size, and may be conveniently used in galleries. We know of no similar publication that so nearly meets the practical needs of the student. Similar handbooks of, say, the Louvre, the Ufizzi, and the British Museum, would be simply invaluable. We have no space to enumerate the artists represented, and must close with the hint that a drawing in the Metropolitan Museum ascribed to Raphael (temporarily withdrawn from exhibition) must stand or fall with the sheet of studies reproduced in plate 63. Morelli believed in the genuineness of the latter work, and it would be a difficult critic that would discredit its New York counterpart.

The King of Italy has given to the Brera,

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Milan, several mythological frescoes by Bernardino Luini, formerly in the villa dei Pelluchi, near Monza. The decorations of this villa are widely scattered. A number were already in the Brera, including the famous St. Catherine Carried by Angels; others are at Hertford House, the Louvre, and Chantilly. Francesco Malguzzi Valeri describes the royal gift in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for December, and, noting the collaboration of Bramantino and Luini in this villa, suggests that their relation was that of master and pupil. This furnishes at least a plausible solution of the obscure matter of Luini's apprenticeship.

The contents of the Oratorio of San Ansano, Fiesole, have been taken over from the bishopric by the Italian Government, and will soon be placed in the little museum on the Piazza Mino. The sculptures include the head of a boy in unglazed terra-cotta, by Luca Della Robbia—one of his most beautiful works; a round of the Virgin in Adoration, by Andrea della Robbia, with a notable frame of flowers and fruit; besides interesting fragments of Byzantine wood carving. The pictures number some fifty of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—mostly of small size and importance. Four Triumphs of Petrarch by Jacopo del Sellaio, formerly attributed to Botticelli, are perhaps the most interesting items, but the late Giottesque school is well represented by minor examples. This acquisition should make the Fiesolan museum, usually overlooked by tourists, a place of resort.

During the last two years, the National Gallery at Berlin has made an unusual number of acquisitions. They number over two hundred paintings and almost half as many pieces of statuary. The gallery now presents an altogether different appearance from that of 1904, and is as fairly representative of German art of the last hundred years as can be expected of a single collection. Besides this, many modern pictures by foreign painters have been bought or received as gifts.

The authorities of the Louvre will arrange a special Rembrandt room, where the twenty-two works of Rembrandt, now scattered through the museum, will be brought together.

The Government of India has taken steps to preserve the Sinbyame Pagoda, which is the only building of its type in the Mingun province of Burma.

An interesting discovery has been made in a Belgian convent of a painting of "Christ Risen," which has been attributed to Rubens by various experts. In 1603 Rubens painted a series of Christ and the Twelve Apostles for the Duke of Lerma. The Twelve Apostles have long been in the Prado at Madrid, but the Christ has been lost sight of till this discovery in Belgium, which is now identified as the missing picture.

News has come from Geneva that in a collection of Egyptian papyri Prof. Jules Nicole has lately come across an ancient Latin guide through Rome, which he found in the midst of Greek texts. The guide contains an inventory of sculpture, enumerating the chief works to be seen in the city, and indicating exactly where they are placed; it also gives a description of each one, with the name of the artist, its provenance, and so forth. Many interesting facts concerning hitherto unknown artists are given, as well as additional information relating to already known Greek sculptors. This discovery may prove of importance in supplying us with data for the attribution of as yet nameless statues.

The Central New York Society of Artists, which was organized in 1902, will hold at the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts in December, 1907, an exhibition of works of art produced within that part of the State of New York not immediately tributary to New York city. Communications regarding the exhibition may be addressed to the chairman of the executive committee, R. Franklin Dallas, Syracuse.

The Wadsworth Atheneum of Hartford, Conn., is to receive a gift of an art building from J. Pierpont Morgan as a memorial to his father, Junius S. Morgan.

An exhibition of paintings by William Sartain is now open at Macbeth's gallery, in this city, until January 26. The twenty-seven pictures shown, including landscapes, interiors, and figure pieces in oil, and a single water color, make an exhibition of unusual interest.

At the Anderson Auction Rooms in this city on the evening of January 16 the following prices were paid for prints: Robert Burns, bust portrait, engraved by W. Walker and S. Cousins, after the painting by Nasmith, $105; Meissonier's La Rixe, etched by Bracquemond, $350; Meissonier's Partie Perdue, etched by Bracquemond, $170; Meissonier's 1806, etched by Jules Jacquet, $100; Meissonier's 1807, etched by Jacquet, $450; Meissonier's 1814, etched by Jacquet, $210; Millet's Angelus, etched by Charles Waltner, $200; Rembrandt's Night Watch, etched by C. Waltner, $260; and Jules Breton's Evening, in a Hamlet in Finisterre, etched by W. L. Lathrop, $100.

Science.

A QUARTER-CENTURY OF CATASTROPHISM.

The student of geology, however taxed his mind may be with the consideration of the numerous unsolved problems in the physics of the earth, cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the catastrophic happenings of the last twenty-five years. The record of no other like period, so far as it is written in the book of science, carries with it so clearly the concept of the unfinished globe, or so eloquently teaches the inconsequence of man beside the titanic forces of nature. When, in August, 1883, a cataclysm rent asunder the island of Krakatoa, and caused a shock throughout almost the entire mass of the earth, we saw how the processes of adjustment which shape the interior of our globe were still tending to produce equilibrium. For two years or more we gazed upon the wondrous red and yellow afterglows which marked the distribution of the high-blown ash, and reflected the energy by which 40,000 or more persons were swept out of existence. At this same time, or close to it, Casamicciola, in the island of Ischia, fell. The ash from Krakatoa had hardly settled when we learned of the reawakening of Tarawera, in New Zealand—a battered volcano, whose activities had been assumed to be ended for a full hundred years prior to June, 1886. The tourist then beheld, seemingly for the last time, what had been designated the "eighth wonder" of the world, the famous pink and white terraces of Rotomahana. Before the great rift that had formed in this lake-basin had entirely closed, came the disaster to Charleston, S. C.

The major disturbances following the Carolina earthquake were chiefly in the field of Japan, where the number of shocks noted in the nineteen years between 1885 and 1903, as we are informed by the Japanese Earthquake Investigation Commission, was 27,485. The decapitation, in 1888, of Bandai-San, and the hurling of its vast mass over miles of inhabited lowland, was followed the next year by the great movement of Kumanoto, and two years later by perhaps the most far-reaching of all the recorded earthquakes of Japan, that known as Mino-Owari. Thousands of lives were destroyed in this shock, which the distinguished seismologist, Montessus de Ballore, characterizes as "le plus formidable tremblement de terre dont l'histoire fasse peut-être mention." Within three years came the tremendous earthquake of Tokio, 1894.

A new era of catastrophism began with evidences of unrest in Vesuvius, Etna, and Stromboli, in a number of the volcanoes of Central America and of northern South America, in Colima, Mexico, in the Hawaiian Islands, and in the mountains of Alaska (Wrangell, Sheshalden, Iliamna). There had also been widely separated earth-movements, as those of the Phocian plain of Greece, of Carinthia, and of southeastern Alaska. This last brought about the interesting displacements on the shores of Yakutat Bay and the disruption of the Muir glacier. The rapidly-succeeding events of the year 1902 are still fresh in the minds of most people: the destruction by earthquake, on January 16, and on April 18, respectively, of considerable portions of the towns of Chilpancingo, in Mexico, and Quetzaltenango, in Guatemala; the eruption on May 7, of the Soufrière, of St. Vincent; on May 8, of Pelée, with the annihilation of Saint-Pierre; on August 30, of the same volcano, with the razing of Morne-Rouge and other villages in Martinique; on October 24, of the volcano of Santa Maria, in Guatemala, with the further destruction of Quetzaltenango; the earthquakes of Shemaka and of Andijan, in farther Asia. The result of it all was the death of between fifty and sixty thousand persons. The same year saw the foundering with nearly all of its inhabitants of the island of Tori-Shima, in Japanese waters, as the result of a volcanic explosion.

This event was soon followed by the first of those vast disturbances in Formosa, which culminated in the catastrophes of March and April of 1906, when the greater part of the island was devastated and thousands of lives sacrificed. Preceding these calamities by a few months, and coincident with a paroxysmal awakening of Stromboli, was the earthquake of the Monteleone region of southern Italy. The echoes of this

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had hardly died down when Vesuvius opened a new chapter in its history and closed it with the outbreak of April, 1906, which in violence and destructive effect is thought to have surpassed all other eruptions of that volcano, with the exception of those of the years 79 and 1631. Then, nearer to our own hearts and homes, the tragedy of San Francisco was enacted—followed in almost exactly four months by the still greater tragedy of Valparaiso, in Chili. Before the close of 1906—a year which had also witnessed in its early days the minor disturbances of Esmeraldas in Ecuador, of Buenaventura in Colombia, and of Castries in the island of St. Lucia—a great part of the city of Arica lay in ruins. And now, with the beginning of the year 1907, the seismo-volcanic registry records the eruptions of Mauna Loa and Etna, the continuing vast flows of lava from the Savai volcano in the Samoan Islands, and the appalling disaster which has converted the capital of the island of Jamaica into a mass of débris.

In all these events we see the earth in the making—a process now, as ever, destructive. Within this quarter-century the population of the globe has been diminished by not less than 125,000 or 150,000 as the result of terrestrial catastrophism. Possibly the figures should be even larger, for the records are incomplete.

ANGELO HEILPRIN.

Philadelphia, January 18.

The Scientific Papers of J. Willard Gibbs. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $9 net.

That Josiah Willard Gibbs advanced science the world over more than it has ever been given to any other American researcher to do, can hardly be questioned. He published but one separate book, his "Elementary Principles in Statistical Mechanics" (Charles Scribner's Sons), which appeared in the Yale Bicentennial Series in 1902, the year before his death. Another volume in the same series, written by his pupil, Edwin B. Wilson, was founded on his lectures. His only other printed remains are the papers now collected, which are few but fundamental. They are substantially limited to three, not counting an unusually small number of preliminary and supplementary outputs.

Of the earliest, relating to diagrams and models representing the effects of temperature and pressure on all sorts of substances, Clerk Maxwell once spoke to the present reviewer in terms of warm laudation, before Gibbs had produced anything else, and when he was all but unknown in this country. His second work, on the equilibrium of heterogeneous substances, taught chemists how to reason about the final results of reactions (without reference to the processes by which they were reached), and it stands to-day the stone at the head of the corner of dynamical chemistry. The memoir itself (in which, by the way, was first given the now celebrated "phase rule") occupies three hundred pages of the first of these two volumes, a good many more pages being substantially parts of the same whole.

The second volume is mainly occupied with Gibbs's peculiar calculus called "vector analysis," which was designed to supersede quaternions and Grassmann's *Ausdehnungslehre*. It is now taught in sundry European universities; but its vogue was prevented or hindered by a trait of its author's character that struck everybody that ever met him, and that we know not how otherwise to designate than as diffidence. Yet this is not a fit name for it. It certainly was not that diffidence which consists in timidity; nor can we assent to his brilliant scholar Prof. Bumstead's apparent view that he was unconscious of his own superiority, which would come too near to making him a gifted idiot, rooting up his mathematical truffles like a Périgord pig, and as oblivious of being deprived of them. We should rather conceive of it as an exaggerated estimate of the possibility of any opinion of his being erroneous that might concern a difficult question not susceptible of a demonstrative solution. He thought his method ought to be left to make its own way in the world; but he overlooked the fact that he was not giving the offspring of his brain the fair start to which it was entitled. For he limited himself to printing and privately circulating a fifty-page syllabus of that method, with no illustrations of its application. The industry of a man of great parts and attainments would not more than have sufficed to construct any decided opinion upon such a question from such a basis. If Gibbs himself, after devoting his own surpassing genius for some years to the matter, was not prepared to put forth a categorical decision as to the merits of the method, pray who else could be expected to undertake the office? We can only say that the ease and mastery with which his scholars have handled some of the most thorny problems of physics, as contrasted with the infertility of the quaternionists, incline us to put our trust in "vector analysis."

The book is clothed in all dignity and beauty of paper and type, carries a noble photograph of the master, and in every way (except by an index) recommends itself to the liking of friends of American science. There is a good, but restrained, notice of this most genuine of high intelligences by a worthy interpreter, Prof. H. A. Bumstead, who has taken Dr. Ralph Gibbs Van Name as his collaborating editor.

The following scientific books are included in Macmillan's list of spring publications: "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture," vol. i., edited by Prof. L. H. Bailey; "Experimental Zoölogy," by Thomas Hunt Morgan; "Economic Geology of the United States," by Heinrich Ries; "Forage Corps," by Edward B. Voorhees; "The Storage Battery," by Augustus Treadwell; "Practical Text-Book of Plant Pathology," by D. F. MacDougal; "Introduction to Zoölogy," new edition," by Charles Benedict Davenport and Gertrude Crotty Davenport; "Elements of Electro-Chemistry," by M. Leblanc; "Types of Farming," by L. H. Bailey; "Meteorology, Weather, and Methods of Forecasting," new edition, by Thomas Russell; "Principles of Inorganic Chemistry," new edition, by H. C. Jones; "Studies in Physiology, Anatomy, and Hygiene," new edition, by J. E. Peabody; "The Common Bacterial Infections of the Digestive Tract," by C. A. Herter; "Lectures on the General Properties of Immunity," by Svante Arrhenius; "System of Medicine and Gynæcology," vol. ii., Part I., edited by Thomas Clifford Allbutt; "Clinical Psychiatry," new edition, by A. Ross Diefendorf.

The ascent of Mt. Ruwenzori, the ancient Mountains of the Moon, last summer was described in a lecture delivered at Rome on January 7 by the Duke of the Abruzzi. In a little over a month he climbed the sixteen highest peaks, made a survey of the range, determined heights, fixed the watersheds, and mapped and photographed the whole region. The principal scientific results are the fact that the range consists of six principal groups, 16,810 feet being the altitude of the highest peak. The limit of perpetual snow was about 14,600 feet, and of the lowest glacier 13,677. None of the glaciers were of the first order, and they showed signs of receding.

Finance.

THE BREAK IN THE STOCK MARKET.

About the middle of last December, after having held obstinately strong in the face of extremely tight money, repeated deficits in New York bank reserves, and prohibitory rates charged in London for "carrying" American securities, Stock Exchange prices suddenly began to give way. Since then, the decline has been almost continuous, up to the present week. During the five-week period, such striking declines in the price of important railway stocks have been scored as 20 points in Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, 23 in Union Pacific, 34 in New York Central, 39 in Reading, 63 in Northern Pacific, and 80 in Great Northern. People, learning of such a fall in prices, might easily infer either that a serious disaster had befallen the world of investors, or else that the Stock Exchange movement was foreshadowing a highly unfavorable turn in our tide of prosperity.

And, in fact, the violent fall in prices last week and at the opening of this week, had so far cut the ground from under the feet of speculators—who had been holding huge lines of stocks with money borrowed on collateral of these very stocks—as to force liquidation and some signals of real distress. This, however, was pretty much restricted to that class of people known in Wall Street as "Stock Exchange professionals." No one else seems to have been badly hurt. The outside public, which lost millions in the Wall Street collapse of May, 1901, and which was probably hard hit in the two-day crash of December, 1904, has on the present occasion made little complaint. At the same time, no signs of trade reaction, or of alarm in business circles, is anywhere manifest. Instead, one hears the general comment, that legitimate industry is in a far safer position, now that Stock Exchange speculation has collapsed and Stock Exchange prices have come down.

Nevertheless, there still exists, even in Wall Street itself, a good deal of perplexity as to why the stock market should have fallen at just this time. Two months ago, every one on Wall Street had a word

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to say of the "January reinvestment demand" and the manner in which it would put up stocks and lower the money rate. It was commonly alleged that, if prices could only be held up through December, the market was "safe." Since bankers and brokers are apt to buy stocks in the last days of December, in order to sell at a profit to the January investor, this support to the market is likely to be felt before the year is over. Yet it was precisely this time that witnessed the beginning of the break, and it was in the week when money was cheap, bank reserves rising, and "January reinvestment" normally in full swing, that forced liquidation on the Stock Exchange went on most rapidly. Why such a paradox—especially when the argument, that a rise in stocks would only "reflect" or "discount" increasing prosperity, still appears to hold good?

The first and most obvious answer is that the rise in stocks may have been going ahead too fast in its "discounting." The second is, that it had been using, for speculation pure and simple, capital and credit which were needed in the country's expanding trade. A third answer is, that the great rise in stocks had brought their net yield, on the basis of existing dividends and prices, to 3½ or 4 per cent.—this at a time when merchants were paying 6 per cent. for six-months' loans, and when other borrowers, with the best Stock Exchange collateral to offer, were paying even higher. Such a situation was in all respects anomalous; in the nature of things, it could not continue. The plain enough reason why the break occurred at the moment when many people were looking for a further rise, was that some of the more astute speculators, understanding how precarious their position had become, did not dare to sell out when all circumstances were against the market, but deliberately selected a time when there was reason to expect better outside buying, and when, accordingly, they could get rid of their own burden to the best advantage. Even so, the pressure of liquidation turned out to be too heavy; the collapse became more rapid with each additional lowering of prices; it culminated in the extreme unsettlement of a week ago.

There is perhaps no more delusive idea in finance than the notion that a stock market cannot decline when prosperity is increasing. So far is this from the truth, that the great financial panics have usually come close on the heels of an immensely active and apparently prosperous industrial movement. Not to mention the "little panic" of 1903, which began in the very months when bank exchanges, iron production, and railway earnings were making the high record of our history, there are the notable cases of 1890, when London's financial break-down followed a famous "boom year," and 1873, when our own overwhelming collapse came directly after a year of unparalleled trade activity, business profits, and speculative ventures. The reason was identical with the reason, already set forth, for this month's break in stocks, at the height of the country's material prosperity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Blunt, Wilfrid Scawen. Atrocities of Justice under British Rule in Egypt. A. Wessels Co. 30 cents.
Bondurant, Bernard C. Decimus Junius Brutus Albinus. University of Chicago Press.
Brainerd, Eleanor Hoyt. Bettina. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.
Dictionary of Christ and the Gospel. Edited by James Hastings. Vol. I. Scribners. $6 per vol.
Doyle, J. A. English Colonies in America. Vols. IV. and V. Henry Holt & Co. $3.50 each.
Edwards, William Seymour. On the Mexican Highlands. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. $1.50 net.
Erskine, John. Actæon and other Poems. John Lane Co. $1.25 net.
Floody, Robert John. Scientific Basis of Sabbath and Sunday. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins. By the Light of the Soul. Harpers. $1.50.
Henderson, John. Jamaica. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Hershey, Amos S. The International Law and Diplomacy of the Russo-Japanese War. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Hobhouse, L. T. Morals in Evolution. Two parts. Henry Holt & Co. $5 net.
Hosmer, James Kendall. The Appeal to Arms. Harpers. $2 net.
Knight, G. T. The Praise of Hypocrisy. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Lea, Henry Charles. A History of the Inquisition of Spain. Vol. III. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Lincolnics: Familiar Sayings of Abraham Lincoln. Edited by Henry L. Williams. Putnams. 75 cents.
Louthan, Hattie Horner. "This Was a Man!" Boston: The C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
Macfall, Haldane. Ibsen. Morgan Shepard Co. $1.50 net.
McGovney, Dudley Odell. Stories of Long Ago in the Philippines. World Book Co.
McPherson, Logan G. The Working of the Railroads. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.
Morgan, Thomas Hunt. Experimental Zoölogy. Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.
Oman, John. The Problem of Faith and Freedom in the Last Two Centuries. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $2.75.
Otto, Rudolf. Naturalism and Religion. Translated by J. Arthur and Margaret R. Thomson. Putnams. $1.50.
Steel, Flora Annie. A Sovereign Remedy. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Thompson, Robert J. Proofs of Life After Death. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.
Valentine, Milton. Christian Theology. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publishing Society. $5.
World Almanac and Encyclopedia, 1907. 25 cents.

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